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THE WINDSOR-WALKERVILLE TECHNICAL SCHOOL



LOCAL
HISTORY

R
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71332
LOW

YEAR BOOK

1929

Essex County Branch of The Ontario Genealogical Society (EssexOGS)

Active Members: Preserving Family History; Networking & Collaborating;
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6/7/

Progress of Technical School

DAY CLASSES

Officially opened in September, 1923

Enrollment First Year	650
Number on roll at end of 1928.....	1150
Increase in 5 years.....	500
or at rate of 100 a year	

EVENING CLASSES

1928-29 Enrollment . . . 2300

(This Department also shows steady growth, each year seeing more pupils and greater variety of subjects, this year's list including aviation and other popular and profitable branches of study.)

The Board for 1929

Chairman—Mr. Frank W. Begley

Vice-Chairman—Mr. T. A. Pillon

Mrs. L. A. Killen and Messrs. Albert Long, Andrew Leishman, John E. Byrne, P. J. Tschirhart, R. J.

Desmarais, John P. McKay, John H. Hart,

Geo. T. Dixon and Harry J. Mero.

(Board is composed of two representatives from each of the four Public and Separate School Boards of Windsor and Walkerville, with two advisory representatives from the Trades and Labor Council, and as many from the Border Cities Chamber of Commerce.)

Principal of School,
Mr. W. D. Lowe, M.A.

Director Technical Work,
Mr. S. R. Ross, C.E.

#4-20/50

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We are pleased to draw attention to our pages of advertising. The business men responded generously to our appeal for advertisements, and we trust that our readers will bear them in mind in the matter of purchases, as well as giving special attention and consideration to the universities which have taken space in our magazine.

Staff of Year Book



Back Row—Lillian Jenkins, Alfreda Begbie, Beatrice Wilson, Miss O. Fritz, Mr. C. Adsett, Florence Simmons, Jean Bunclark, Doris Woolgar, Barbar Drulard.

Middle Row—Alf. Hoole, Louis Atkin, Fred Hames, Vaughn Courier, Edna Smith, Irene Belle, Ella Ebbinghaus, Doris Day, Allan Muir.

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Absent—Mr. G. A. Courtenay (advertising manager).

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Assistant Editors: Vaughn Courier, Edna Smith

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Shirley Hetherington

School Notes:

Allan Muir
Eileen McConnell
Irene Belle

Athletics:

Freda Begbie
Frank Swackhammer

Exchange:

Fred Hames
Louis Atkin

Graduates' Section:

Alf. Hoole
Freda Begbie

Jokes:

Doris Woolgar
Ella Ebbinghaus

Art: Alex Cherkinsky

On Heroism

EVERY boy loves a story of adventure. Every girl admires a hero. And of course the outstanding characteristic of a hero is the resolute way in which he encounters dangers and difficulties. It is surprising too how often difficulties and dangers are dissipated when opposed by a stout heart!

But one doesn't need to be in a story book to display heroic qualities, for "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward!" This is not a prophecy of gloom but a challenge to us to show what stuff we are made of. Life will present to each one of us trials and tribulations enough, but moral strength is gained in no other way than by grappling with difficulties.



MR. W. D. LOWE, M.A.

Is it algebra or drafting that causes you grief? Or stenography or oral composition? Here is a chance to show heroic qualities. Grapple with your difficulty and refuse to give in until both shoulders have been pressed to the mat.

Of course heroic attempts do not always end in success. LaSalle and Hudson went to watery graves, both murdered by their crews. Brave Capt. Cook fell a prey to savages. The storms and cold of the antarctic overcame Capt. Scott and his gallant companions. But "Death makes no conquest of these conquerors."

There is no disgrace if a brave attempt ends in failure. Failure is disgrace for those only who have refused to try.

W. D. LOWE,
Principal



TEACHING STAFF

Fourth Row—Messrs. E. Shrier, P. Bennett, P. L. McManus, A. D. R. Fraser, C. H. Montrose, Wm. Harmon, J. H. Heard, E. J. Sirrs.

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Absent—Miss E. Cragg, Miss E. LeBoeuf, Mr. F. J. McGrath, H. I. Wiley, M.D., School Medical Officer; Mr. J. J. Wood.

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The Editors
of the Year Book
wish to extend to the Staff
and Pupils of W.W.T.
their best wishes
for
A Happy Easter

March, 1929





Foreword

"The Aim, if Reached or Not, Makes Good the Life."

Every girl and boy has or ought to have a purpose in life. Without an aim we cannot journey along the road of life to success. Sometimes in trying to achieve our goal we have difficulties to meet and problems to solve, but the conquest of these brings a joy to life. Sometimes we feel that our ideals are seldom realized, but all our experiences—whether of joy or of sorrow—in life contribute to the development of our character.

And so, in our task with our magazine our aims have not fully reached reality but something has been added to our life and character. We are the better for having tried. We find courage in the poet's words (as quoted above) in which he suggests that even our intentions are looked upon as actualities. "The trying shall suffice." Even though we never reach perfection, what of that?

"A man's reach must exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?"

The editors and staff of the Year Book 1928-29 have laboured faithfully to compile a record of the school's life and activities. We hope that you will overlook our failures and that those who follow after may build onward to success. May this book form another link to strengthen sweet memories of school days at Tech.

CHAS. ADSETT

School Spirit

The students of Tech can claim to be the luckiest in the province. Here we are attending a million dollar school, taught by a staff of million dollar teachers and receiving a commercial or technical education that will mean more than a million to us. In return for all this we give a fifteen cent school spirit.

If you could hear a group of students talking about their schools, you would find the Tech students arguing for Tech with vigour. An outsider listening would say, "There must be a wonderful school spirit at Tech." But the very next day if the outsider would see the same students at lunch hour dropping paper and half of their lunches all over the hall, would he remark about the school spirit?

I said that we had a fifteen cent school spirit, but on second thought I do not think it is worth that much. A basketball ticket sells for fifteen cents and about fifty students buy them and support the team. Even when our basket-ball teams are hosts to visiting teams the supporters of the opposing teams outnumber Tech supporters 4 to 1. But you may say, "I support the hockey teams." That's fine. But the hockey team is a winning team and supporting it does not show as much spirit as it would if they were a losing team. In the year 27-28 the support of the students made the hockey team a winning team and if we had the same spirit now it would do the same for any of our teams.

I have pointed out two instances in which I can see our school spirit is not as fine as our boast. Are we going to take our loyalty out in talk and let the other schools have the best of us. No! Let's wake up and fight as well as shout for Tech.

F. SWACKHAMMER

Rooters

Only a short time ago at one of the basketball games, the absence of rooters from the school was frequently remarked upon. The result of the game was that the home team lost. The small number of rooters might have had nothing to do with this outcome, but for some reason or other the players certainly lacked that enthusiastic quality which is necessary for good playing. Of course there are crucial points when noise might make the contestants nervous, and in that case it is altogether unfair to cause a disturbance of any kind. As a rule, however, when a player hears his name or the name of his school coupled with some appreciative remarks, he is greatly encouraged.

I have chosen basketball only as an example, but this is true in all games. A school yell given by a crowd of enthusiastic rooters undoubtedly generates enthusiasm in the players. Therefore, rooters are very important to a team. True rooters, however, should not be solely for their own team, but should see and acknowledge the brilliant plays of their opponents, thus furthering the sport and showing good-will.

HENRY ZMARZLY

The Elimination of Noise in the Halls during Noon Hour

On account of the discussion going on recently about the noise in the halls at noon hour, I beg this opportunity of expressing my views on the question.

The cause for all the noise is that the pupils, not having anything to do, gather in the halls. My suggestion is to give the pupils something to do to occupy their time during the lunch hour.

One way to occupy this time is to stage basketball or indoor baseball or basketball games between the classes that are having lunch at that period. A schedule could be arranged so that two teams would play each noon hour. A reward might be given to the winning team. When the pupils are interested in, and attending these games, they will not be disturbing other classes.

"Tech United" programs could also be put on in the auditorium by the classes who have lunch at this time and a similar reward could be given to the winners of the best lunch-hour program. Moving pictures could also be shown in the lunch hour which besides giving entertainment to the pupils would be also educational.

The school library should also be open and by having a good supply of interesting magazines, the pupils of the school would come to the library in the noon hour instead of lounging around the halls having nothing to do.

By doing something for the entertainment of the pupils during the lunch hour, the problem of "noise in the halls" would be solved and the pupils would be enjoying a pleasant and profitable lunch period.

FRED HALES, T4

Editors' Convention

On the morning of October 11, the two representatives from the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School arrived in Toronto destined to attend the Third Annual Convention of the Ontario Secondary School Editors.

The convention is held yearly by the Sigma Delta Phi or the Women's Journalising Fraternity of the University of Toronto. This fraternity offers a shield to the school having the best publication.

The convention took the form of lectures, discussions, field trips, and a banquet furnished by a local newspaper firm.

The committee in charge had arranged for a number of excursions and trips. We had an invitation from the editor of the McLarens Magazine to visit their plant where we viewed that popular Canadian magazine in all its stages of publication.

The convention closed at noon on Saturday October 13. The rest of the day was free to all, and tickets for the Varsity-Queens rugby game were given to those who desired them.

It is hard for us to express the good that we derived from the convention. But we received many good suggestions and ideas to help us in publishing our magazine. The inspiration and enthusiasm which we "imbibed" at the meeting, I hope, has been shared in some little way with the whole school body, by our report of the convention.

We wish to thank the pupils of W. W. T. in making it possible for us to attend this convention.

VAUGHN COURRIER

Our Canadian Painting

Near the end of December of last year the Canadian artists held an exhibition of Canadian paintings in the Prince Edward Hotel.

Many famous Canadian painters exhibited their work. Among these was Owen Staples, an artist of merit, who exhibited several of his paintings.

The staff of the school thought that our school should have a painting by some Canadian artist. A committee was chosen to select a painting and to buy it for the school. A water colour picture by Owen Staples was chosen by the committee.

This is a picture of the Hart House Memorial Tower at the University of Toronto. It was erected in memory of the students who enlisted in the army and fell overseas in the Great War. In the picture the Tower stands as a tall magnificent structure built like a cathedral. There are trees in the foreground. This scene depicts an autumn day. The leaves on the trees are just turning to many beautiful colours. The trees and the Tower indicate peace and rest; a fitting memorial, this, to those heroes who fell on the battle fields of France.

This painting hangs in the south corridor of our school in a very prominent position. The students of "Tech." are very proud of this painting, the work of our own Canadian artist.

R. MORGAN, C2E

The Progress of Tech.

When a few members of the Border Cities decided that they wished to be "Stenos" a few rooms in the Windsor Collegiate were set aside for the Commercial classes. Then in a few years the students of the Collegiate had increased so rapidly that extra rooms were needed. The Commercial school was so large that, after much discussion, it was agreed upon to build the Windsor Walkerville Technical School.

A Million Dollar School! How little we realize the worth of it until we have entered the building, gone through it and seen the various devices that make up the equipment of the school. We also come to the conclusion that the "Million Dollars" was not expended in vain when we see the educational and instructive methods that are used throughout the Commercial

and Technical Departments. Annually the school sends forth graduates who are skilled and who easily carry on their work in the business and industrial world.

Five years ago the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School was just a new school with her name and future to make. At the beginning there were a little over five hundred pupils, now over one thousand through the numerous corridors.

One can easily see that out of one thousand pupils, better hockey, basketball, rugby, and baseball teams can be chosen than those picked from a group of five hundred.

At first the Tech teams had a hard fight with only a few victories to give them courage, but as the years passed on "Tech" has achieved wonders in her activities. Better teams were chosen and the trophies and banners began to ornament the glass cabinet in the main hall. And now at the school games the Tech team is a hard one to beat.

LORAIN STANTON, C3B

Changes in the Staff

The school regrets the withdrawal of two members of the teaching staff:

Mr. CLAUDE McCALLUM, B.A., is teaching in the Collegiate, London, Ont.

Mr. R. VINCENT has joined the staff of the Hamilton Technical School.

We welcome six new members to our staff at Tech.

Miss K. M. FARLINGER, B.A., formerly of Winchester, is teaching Commercial work.

Miss LULU McMAHON, B.A., formerly of Chatham, is teaching English and Composition.

Mr. FRANK GROAT, B.A., came from St. Thomas Collegiate. He is teaching History and Economics.

Mr. P. L. McMANUS, B.A., came from the O.C.E. and has charge of the boys' physical training work.

Mr. H. L. ORD came from the Training College for Technical Teachers in Hamilton, Ont., and has taken the place of Mr. Vincent, teaching Machine Shop Practice and Mechanical Drawing.

Mr. J. L. WILSON, B.A. Sc., comes from the O.C.E., Toronto, Ont., and is teaching Drafting.

Miss E. CRAGG and Mr. J. J. WOOD, B.A., have been on leave of absence since Christmas.

The Art Prize was won by Russel Swegles, who made the headings for the editorial and music sections.



THE WINNER

First Prize Story - F. Hames

It was the last race of the annual field meet. Tech. and W.C.I. were tied for first place and this race would decide the victor. The stands were packed with an excited, cheering crowd. Here and there school colours could be seen flying. School yells came roaring down to the occupants of the campus "Yea Tech.!" It was the old Red and Blue cry. Bob White, Tech's hope, felt a thrill run through him as he heard it. His companion had sprained his ankle which accounted for him being Tech's sole representative in the race. "He would give his best for his school," Bob vowed to himself.

Suddenly a silence fell as the announcer stepped forward. He reeled off the entrants' names, added that this was the last race and disappeared. The two minute whistle blew. Bob stepped forward with the other four boys, took his place at the white line and dug his holes. As he stepped back a fit of trembling seized him. It was his first big race.

Again a hush fell over the crowd as the announcer, pistol in hand, appeared. "On your marks!" As Bob stepped into his place he marvelled that he had stopped trembling. But his heart was thumping like mad and his body was bathed in cold sweat. "Get set!" He tensed his muscles for the leap that might mean a win or a loss. Crack! There was the gun, and the race that meant so much was on. As one man, the five runners leaped forward. Bob, in his eagerness, threw his weight too hard on

the side of his foot, the loose cinders slipped and he fell to one knee. Involuntarily a groan escaped from the Tech. supporters. But Bob leaped up determined to finish the race.

The leading man had a lead of perhaps five yards. A very substantial lead in a two hundred yard dash. But undaunted Bob ran on. Slowly, oh! so slowly the runners came back as if pulled by invisible threads. He passed one and the second coming back. High on his toes, his arms swinging in a short arc he tore on. Passed the second. Only two ahead. Only a few yards separate him from the winner. But a good deal of the race is already run and Bob has used up a good deal of his stamina. The pace is too fast for the second man and he is dropping back! Only one ahead. Up in the stand the crowd became aware that the wearer of the red and blue was killing himself, running his heart out to recover his handicap. A great roar went up from friend and foe alike. Tech! Tech! Tech! Again and again the cry reached the struggling, fighting boy, strengthening his tired muscles. He gripped the track with fresher energy. With eyes protruding from their sockets, the cords in his neck standing out in the intensity of his effort, every breath a torture, he raced on.

But no man can keep that pace for long. Spots danced before his eyes, a ringing was in his ears, he felt his brain reeling. With a huge effort he recovered himself. He fixed his eyes on the green and white jersey ahead. No longer could he feel his legs. They were like dead weights, moving mechani-

cally, kept going only by that faint, dim determination to win through. Suddenly the green and white jersey vanished. In its place was a long white line faintly visible to his blurred eyes. The tape! With a last great effort he hurled himself at it, felt it snap on his chest, and fell into the arms of his waiting comrades, the winner.

—o—

JIVARO LOVE

Se-lak, the Swift, was in a quandary. His sweetheart, Leesom, the shapely one, had repulsed his advances. "Bring me the head of Ron-ti the Mighty, and I will be yours," she called mockingly after the disgruntled Se-lak.

Se-lak fingered the razor-like edge of his kris and thought longingly of the head of Ron-ti. Ron-ti was a mighty head hunter and chief of a warlike tribe—to get his head would be no easy task. Besides, one hundred miles of dank jungle, teeming with carnivorous animals and snakes, lay between Se-lak and his prize.

Se-lak decided to call on On-da, the Ancient one, for advice. "My son," said Onda, "women are capricious creatures, laden with foolish fancies. They will stop at nothing to get what they wish, but they are none the less desirable. Here is a mighty charm, wear it round your neck and you will be successful in your undertakings."

Three days later Se-lak was prowling around the outskirts of the village of Ron-ti. Like a wraith he slipped from hut to hut till at last he reached that of Ron-ti. He hesitated, fingered his charm, and with the picture of Leesom in his mind, entered the hut.

The hut which usually contained Ron-ti and his ten wives, was a very large one. From its rafters dangled a full score of shrunken heads, mute witness to the prowess of the chief. However, Ron-ti was

asleep and his wives were out. With victory almost within his grasp, Se-lak stumbled. In a flash Ron-ti was on his feet, with a naked kris in his hand.

Kris met kris—youth against a veteran warrior—one was fighting for love, the other for life. Ron-ti got first blood, while his kris neatly shaved off Selak's ear. Mad with pain, Se-lak took the offensive and backed Ron-ti into a corner. There was a vicious "swish" and the head of Ron-ti lay on the floor. His body stood for a second, blood gushing from the shorn arteries, then it crashed to the floor.

Se-lak picked up the head and fastened it to his sarong with the long hair. He left as noiselessly as he came. In a few minutes he was in the jungle on his way to receive his just rewards.

He again survived the perils of the jungle and was received as a hero in the village. After the feast he went to the hut of Leesom and laid the grisly trophy at her feet. She looked at it and rushed to his arms. "I am yours, my jaguar of the jungle," she murmured softly.

ALLEN MUIR, C3B.

—o—

BILL ROGER'S FIRST

SOLO FLIGHT

"Look at that landing!" said Mr. Scott, the mechanic, who had been watching the descent of Mr. Soundy, the instructor, and Bill Rogers, a student, in a training plane. "That was beautiful," said Mr. Scott to Mr. Soundy as the plane rolled to a stop beside the hangar. "Don't tell me Bill landed that ship!"

"Yes," answered Mr. Soundy, "he landed that ship himself. At first I thought we were going to crash, but by a quick manoeuvre we succeeded in making a good landing."

"Now," said Mr. Soundy to Bill, "take the ship up yourself for a flight, and remember, we don't like funerals around here."

Bill realized that the great moment of his life had come. He waited for last minute instructions then quickly jumped into the plane. He pulled back the throttle, taxing into the wind. Then with a wave of his hand to the instructor, he pulled back the throttle hard.

The plane jumped, quickly gathered speed, ran along the ground for about a hundred feet and slowly left old Mother Earth below.

Bill was thrilled to think that at last he could fly a plane alone. He climbed steadily for about three thousand feet, then "levelled out," and for the first time looked at the earth far below him. He circled around the field three times and then decided to try his hand at landings.

He shoved the control stick forward, but in this shoved it too far forward and the plane went in a nose dive for the earth. Bill lost his head for a moment and held the stick in the forward position while the plane dove steadily for the earth. About seven hundred feet from the ground Bill pulled the control stick hard back, and the plane, instead of going down turned about and started to climb. Realizing this Bill levelled the ship out, and looking down at the ground saw Mr. Soundy frantically waving his hands. Bill took his eyes off Mr. Soundy and tried again to land. He brought the plane down to within fifty feet from the ground but he was going too fast to make it. Again he flew around the field for another try, this time sideslipping to about ten feet above the ground, so as to lose speed. Gradually he brought the ship to the ground with the tail skid on the same level as the landing gear, making a beautiful three point landing, without a bounce, and rolling to a stop.

"Well," said Mr. Soundy to Bill, "you have flown your solo, and have well earned your wings."

DAVID SIMPSON, T2B.

A MEAL

As he lurked in the slimy depths of his jungle pool, Scalo, the crocodile, victor of a thousand battles, pondered over the means of securing his next meal. The animals would no longer come to his pool to drink. They feared Scalo, whom they had christened "The Lurking Death."

Scalo was hungry; he must eat; to eat, he must use strategy. So he considered awhile. Ah! at last he had it—an idea worthy of Gonthar, king of crocodiles.

Scalo rose to the surface of the pool, rolled over on his back and feigned death. Long he waited for a victim. Then, just as he was going to give up hope, he heard a stealthy tread. Poised above the water was a stately buck. He looked suspiciously at Scalo, but thinking he was dead, dipped his lordly head and began to drink. Scalo moved like lightning. In a flash he had the buck by the throat and had hauled him into the water. There was an agonizing scream, a swirl of blood-dyed waters, and Scalo and his prey vanished.

That night Scalo, the crocodile, victor of a thousand fights, dined royally.

ALLAN MUIR, C3B.

TO A FRIEND First Prize Poem

By Frances McCubbin, Com. Spec.
I woke one night when darkness ruled the earth,
And watched weird shadows passing to and fro;
I thought, with a few swift, silent hours,
This gloom will be dispelled by morning's glow.

Mysterious world! How rapidly
 you change
 The dreary darkness into roseate
 light;
 E'en thus, when I'm with you, my
 dearest friend,
 All my dark hours assume a radi-
 ance bright.

—o—

YEAR BOOK MEMORIES

A blot of ink here,
 A name written there,
 The cover all finger prints,
 She doesn't care.

They're memories of Tech;
 And the good times she had;
 Just to look back over them,
 Makes her feel sad.

The book is a treasure
 To her mind, so dear;
 As she turns the page over,
 She loses a tear.

Her eyelids are closing,
 She lets the book fall,
 As she sleeps toward dreamland,
 She hears a voice call.

And before her are pictures,
 Of memories long past;
 But nobody knows
 How long they will last.

So while she is happy,
 We'll all steal away,
 That she may dream onward,
 And Tech thoughts may stay.

ELEANOR BURKE, C2A.

—o—

COURAGE

To the temple of Buddha,
 Through old China's fog,
 They bore the infidel devil,
 The unbelieving dog.

They swore that he would bow
 Before their idol bright;
 They did not know the white man
 Or his capacity for fight.

When they reached the temple
 They spat upon his face;
 He tugged upon his bonds
 And thought of distant Grace.

He strained his mighty sinews,
 His bonds he tore apart,
 He seized a giant sword
 And fought with all his heart.

Three yellow men were dead
 In a pool of living gore;
 His sword flashed in an arc
 Cutting down another four.

He is sorely wounded;
 The blood runs in his eyes;
 The yellow pack around him
 Send forth exultant cries.

He clears a space around him
 And totters on his feet;
 With a grim smile on his face
 His Creator he goes to meet.

For the honour of his country,
 For the glory of his race,
 He died a noble death
 Which time cannot efface.

By ALLAN MUIR, C3B.

—o—

"TECH"

What is greater far than fame?
 What ranks higher than honoured
 name?

What makes us wish to play the
 game?

Love of Tech!

What makes our hopes mount to
 the skies?

What makes us all wish we were
 wise?

What else could make our spirits
 rise,

Save love of Tech?

When we have gone to face the
 world,

Why will rare visions be unfurled
 Of the school adored by boy and
 girl?

Love of Tech!

RENEE SKLASH, C. Special

WE—OURSELVES

'Tis so funny, folks,
How people can hear!
But of course that's because
Of our little wee ear.

And when out comes our compact,
Nobody knows
What a difference some powder
Will mean to our nose.

And sometimes things happen
That make us all cry;
And tears, just like rain drops,
Stream down from each eye.

Then to aid us in travelling
We have two things called feet;
Some people have big ones
While others are neat.

Our feet are a foundation
To hold up our legs;
Some people have fat ones
While some are like pegs.

On our heads we have hair,
Nobody knows why;
Some people insist
That it grows when you die.

To feel with we're given
A whole lot of fingers;
Don't touch a hot stove
Or you'll find the burn lingers.

And then we have arms
Attached to our hands;
There are different kinds—
All sorts of brands.

And then there's a mouth
Near the end of our face;
Sometimes we say things
That are quite out of place.

At the bottom there lies,
What we call a chin,
Where a dimple dwells
Every time that we grin.

In our head there is something,
I cannot explain;
It has a large meaning
And we call it "the brain."

ELEANOR BURKE, C2A.

ACHOO! ACHOO!

"Oh, Anna, will you please refrain
From talking in this room?
For if you don't your class-mates
will
Be weeping round your tomb."

It was the teacher who spake thus,
Her look made Anna freeze!
Then in that awful silence,
There came a mighty sneeze!

Once, twice, three times it rang,
Then ended with a screech,
And the whole class said in unison
"That sounds just like Jean
Keech."

Jean Keech it was—so if you hear,
When everything's serene,
Something between a sneeze and a
screech,
You'll know that that is Jean.

IRENE BELL, C2A.

—o—

THAT LITTLE LAKE OF MINE

Quiet and beautiful the silence
reigns

Round that little lake of mine;
Tranquil and shining in its depths
I see

Images of sky and tree.
Healing and soothing it repels all
pains;

Mourning is done and joy is mine;
Pleasure and cheerful hope and
sweet relief

Take the place of tears and grief,
Round that little lake of mine.

FLORENCE DONALDSON, C2B.

—o—

**THE VALUE OF SUPPLEMEN-
TARY READING****First Prize Essay**

Shirley Hetherington, Com. Spec.

While supplementary reading is on the curriculum of almost all schools at the present time, do students regard this course in reading as merely an extra study with which they are burdened, or do they regard it as a useful guide

to all future reading? For such should be its aim. Place a book of real literary merit into the hands of a young person, and it should leave its mark on his mind; it should form a contrast to the modern "trash" so often digested by our boys and girls; it should develop his taste for good books so that he will feel the shallowness of the poorer class.

Nor do I advocate that all books on the list are suitable for all pupils. Remember that just as a child learns to walk before he learns to run, so pupils must master the easier books before they cope with the more difficult. I believe the mistake is often made of attempting to read a book whose style is too heavy or whose thinking is too profound for the reader's mind to comprehend. Such reading is a hindrance rather than a help, as the pupil becomes prejudiced against this type of book at the start, and is more than likely to retreat to something of Zane Grey's or of Ethel M. Dell's. For example, I should not advise a first-form student who has had little experience in reading to begin with Milton's "Paradise Lost" or with Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." Let him content himself with Tennyson, or with the simple biography of some well-known man.

Briefly, I say, supplementary reading should develop the taste for good books, and when there are far more good books in the world than any one individual can possibly read, what is the need of dabbling with trash? As Ruskin says: "If you read this you cannot read that—what you lose today you cannot gain tomorrow. Will you go and gossip with your housemaid when you may talk with queens and kings—or jostle with the common crowd for entrance here and audience there, while all the while this eternal court is open to you?" Reading is not merely a light pastime—just as exercise develops the body, so reading

should develop the mind and soul. And remember, to say that a book is popular is not to say that it is good; the taste of the majority is not what it should be; it is the sensational, the blood-heating that they desire—this style of writing serves the purpose of strong drink, it merely stimulates, it does not nourish. A book is nothing which does not call forth the power of thought, whose author does not have a thorough understanding of the passions and aspirations of great men. And do not think that it matters how long you take to read a book. Do not read straight ahead—pause; ask yourself why the author said that particular thing; jot down any criticism you may make; try to estimate the value of the book as a whole and then compare your estimation with that of some real literary critic. Always have a dictionary at hand—you will be surprised how quickly you can increase your vocabulary.

Do I recommend fiction or non-fiction?—both; fiction to stimulate the imagination, non-fiction to increase the extent of the learning, and both to facilitate the expression of thought. Are you fond of history? Many students are not, yet why should heroes of fiction, mere creations of the imagination, make more appeal to the reader than the great flesh-and-blood heroes of the past? What could be more thrilling than the deeds of real, live people? If you do not like history, go to the juvenile department of the library, get a book of history which contains many illustrations—some of these books are written more after the manner of a fairy-story than of history—and try to enjoy it with unprejudiced mind. If you are once able to grasp the human element of history, to feel that these figures were, after all, merely poor, weak human beings with hopes and aspirations as your own, I believe that events in history will become gripping, enthralling. I mention

history because so many of our books have historical backgrounds, and to enjoy these books, you must have a knowledge of the elementary historical facts. Let us take some of our popular authors—Sabatini, for example—can you understand his books without having a good, working knowledge of the French Revolution?

There is another phase of reading which I want you to consider. I would say that books and travel are the two greatest factors in broadening the mind. We must either read or travel, and many cannot afford to do the latter. If we are shut up in one little spot and do not learn anything of the customs, constitutions, religions of other people, are we not bound to think that our way is the only way, that everything outside of our own little sphere is terribly strange and crude? And as we learn to view the world as a whole, to see the tremendous problems and difficulties facing other nations, our own petty troubles and sorrows melt into nothingness. We realize that the world is vast, that our strivings and accomplishments can affect more than just our little circle of acquaintances—we realize that our example may influence the world!

—o—

THE DETROIT-WINDSOR TUNNEL

With the ever increasing volume of traffic between Canada and the United States by way of the Detroit River, it has been found necessary to augment the ferry services by quicker and more efficient means. This is being accomplished by the construction of a bridge and tunnel. It is interesting to know that the bridge, which is of the suspension type, will have the largest span of any bridge in the world, with the exception of the Hudson River bridge in New York, now also under construction. However, it is the tunnel with which I will deal in more detail.

In general design the tunnel is somewhat similar to the Holland Tunnel connecting New York and Jersey City under the Hudson River. The tunnel will be of concrete, reinforced by a steel cylinder. Previously such tunnels have had cast iron segments as reinforcements, an example of which is the M. C. R. tunnel between Windsor and Detroit, but the cost of this type of construction is too high for a tunnel of this nature.

In brief, the Detroit-Windsor tunnel will be in three sections; a land section, on either side of the river, and a river section. With the land sections there will be the necessary administration buildings. The tunnel of the land sections will be made by what is known as the shield process. A shaft is dug at the beginning of the tunnel and a cutting device erected in it. By means of hydraulic jacks a cutting edge is forced through the ground, and as the excavation goes on the actual tunnel is constructed of a steel shell and of concrete. The river section is made by digging a large trench across the river bed and sinking the tube into it. As the river section is so long, the work is divided up into several parts, each piece being placed in position separately and joined together to form a single unit later.

The tube for the river section is being manufactured locally, and each piece is erected on land at Ojibway. Each piece is 31 feet in diameter and 248 feet long; the weight of steel for one being about 500 tons. The ends are covered in and the whole piece made watertight. When weather conditions permit it is launched, and after some of the concreting is done to form a keel so as to give it stability, the piece is towed out into the river and sunk into a place in the trench. The remaining concrete is then poured, and other pieces are placed in a like manner and joined together until the river section is complete and linked up with the land sections.

The ventilation of the tunnel will be carried out by huge fans at both ends. Air is forced down a passage below the roadway, and at intervals it passes up through parts into that part of the tunnel where we find the traffic. Exhaust air is carried out through a passage above the roadway. The air at the fans attains a speed of more than 60 miles per hour. As an example, in spite of the heavy traffic, which no doubt will pass through the tunnel, the air will be purer than that on Woodward Avenue. This shows the efficiency of the fans.

Part of the trench in the river is already dredged; work on the land section has begun, and the steel sections are being made. The tunnel will be open to traffic sometime next year.

NELLIE WEARNE, T2A.

—o—

MY STRUGGLES WITH AN ORAL COMPOSITION

The topic I have chosen to speak on today—I have no topic—what I am going to do is to try to be original by telling you how I prepared my oral composition.

In the first place, I made up my mind to have my composition ready a week or so before the miserable day (not a rainy day), but the day I was to speak, but because I do so much homework, especially on shorthand and composition, it usually turns out that I make my vain attempts the night before. Do you know, I stayed up until two o'clock last night doing this oral. That's why I was late for school this morning. To get back to the topic that I started with—what was it?—About aeroplanes, wasn't it? Oh, I remember, I started to tell you the difficulty I had in getting up an oral composition. The other day I asked my brother for suggestions on the topic. He thought it would be a good idea to speak on the history of the W.W.T. In fifteen minutes I secured so much

information that I decided to speak on that subject if Mr. Lowe would let me have the whole day in which to tell it. While I was looking for some other information, really I became so wrapped in thought that I nearly caught a cold. Another brilliant member of our household suggested that I speak on school spirit, but really I thought it would be too dangerous. A week passed in this way, and last night I found myself without a composition to give you.

I was looking all over the house for material when I finally came across a book containing the life of Wm. Shakespeare. I finished reading the book in two and one half hours, and then started to write a composition on it. When I had finished writing it, I found that I had six very interesting pages of material and I felt quite proud of myself, and went to read it to my sister, but I had not quite finished reading the first page, when, glancing in her direction, I saw that she was sawing wood. Really, I became so angry that I tore it into shreds. And then I had before me the task of writing another. Well, I looked and looked and looked, and at ten o'clock I still looked. The reason that I still looked was that during the previous three hours that I looked, while looking, I came across some very interesting stories and was looking at them before I stopped looking. A—what was I looking for? That was the trouble, I forgot what I was looking for, and when the folks called me to go to bed at twelve o'clock, it came to my mind that I had a speech to prepare.

Within the next hour I wrote about a great and wonderful man who did much for humanity, but I forgot his name, as I was half asleep when I wrote it. At one-thirty o'clock, all alone in the still night, I was trying to get a composition, but I fell asleep on the job.

You are all lucky that I fell asleep, because while I was asleep I dreamt that I was a great orator, and was making a speech to an audience of all the greatest composition teachers in the world, among whom was Mrs. McGiffin. Just then I awoke. Thinking of that name it came to my mind that I had a speech to learn, and then a wonderful thought occurred to me. It was to speak on the difficulties I had in preparing an oral composition. I went upstairs to bed at five-thirty o'clock, making up my mind to get up early next morning. I woke up at fifteen minutes to six, and started to prepare my composition. Here it is as proof that I did prepare it—eight hundred and twenty-five words of solid, brain-paralyzing material.

DONALD MERETSKY



"THE BRIDGE"

THE AMBASSADOR BRIDGE

This superstructure rearing its stately towers in the air, and stretching its lengthy span across the river, adds a touch of architectural beauty on the Detroit River.

Only after years of planning and plenty of worry did the work of pioneers in the agitation for a Detroit-Windsor bridge succeed, and in the autumn of 1927 actual construction of the massive foundations started. The following summer saw Canada and United States

linked together in peace, when the first cables were strung across the river to support the narrow catwalk where daring men afterwards worked on the main cables.

While the foundations were sinking to rest on bedrock, steel was being prepared, to be placed on the foundations to form the slender towers which support the main cables. The towers are light and slender, not like the massive construction of days gone by when people believed that the larger and heavier things were the stronger; but the modern engineer puts his brain to work and these towers are so constructed that, although slender, they have tremendous strength. Unconsciously the workmen showed great heroism as they skipped from girder to girder at the top of these suspension towers, where a misstep would have meant a fearful plunge to the river below.

While these towers were rising skyward the men behind the bridge did not wait for their completion before going on with the rest; no, they started preparing for the cables which were to rest on the peaks; and as these towers rose the approaches and terminals were taking shape, and before the completion of the cables the roadway on the Canadian approach was finished.

Thus last autumn the great cables suspended across the Detroit River were made and anchored into place. Each wire of these great cables was laid separately and each strand anchored. Upon completion the strands were bound and clamped together by steel bands. These will be sealed and made airtight. This cable holds the full weight of the main span. On top of the towers the cables rest in a saddle which swings back and forth with the cables as it pulls and expands due to the varied weight of its load and the effect of summer and winter.

At present travelling cranes are building up the lengthy span, now

the longest in the world. The bridge is built outward from each bank of the river and the span will join in the middle. After this is completed men will add to the steelwork, building back and forth until the steelwork is finished and the full weight is hung from the cables.

On the roadway across this span there will be room for five lanes of traffic, and an eight foot sidewalk where you may go for a stroll on Sunday morning if you wish. There can be handled over five thousand cars an hour—a capacity that will meet the demands of the heaviest tourist traffic. There will also be transportation by bus for people without cars, from the metropolitan sections of both cities across the bridge.

The summer of 1929 will bring to an end the worries of the men behind it, the difficulties of the engineers, and will bring true the dreams of thousands. The river will be covered with yachts and motor launches, music will float in the air, gay colors will unfurl everywhere, when the AMBASSADOR BRIDGE in all its splendour is first opened. Then two great sister countries will be joined in lasting interchange of friendly communication.

By E. HERAGE, C3B.

PLAYLETTE OF T3B.

Scene: Auto Mech. Room. Tobin and Padgett and Atkin are working on a car. C. McLaren is looking on and giving advice (as usual) but is not working. Grose is fooling around inside a car. He finds a key in the lock of the car and thinking it is a door key he opens the door, puts the key in the lock and turns it. Then he takes out the key, puts it in the car and shuts the door.

Teacher: Jewell turn on the lights.

Jewell: The door won't open.

Tobin: Why not you clown?

C. McLaren: C'mon funny.

Tobin: Use your muscles.

(Door refuses to open)

Grose (standing in back-ground turns as red as a danger sign): I guess I must have locked it.

Teacher: Where's the key?

Grose: Inside the car in the transmission lock. I thought it belonged there.

(Loud guffaws from rest of T3B).

Padgett: Bring on the glass cutters.

Atkin: C'mon Grose, you're responsible for this. Get busy.

Teacher: Get under the car and push up the floor-boards.

(Grose disappears under the car and about 5 minutes later) Grose: Do you see me coming thru?

C. McLaren (gazing into interior of car): I can't see you, blow your horn.

(Grose snorts with rage. At last he gets the key and crawls out from under the car. Work goes on as usual.)

Teacher: Grose, you are so dumb that you ought to be shot.

Class: Shoot him, shoot him, we'll take the blame.

Grose: Aw! can't you take a joke, anyway it was Chuck McLaren who told me to do it.

McLaren: If I told you to jump into the river, would you?

Grose: I dunno.

P.S.—Grose is still undecided. We're hoping he does it.

C. M., T3B.

BOOK REVIEW

The Friendly Stars

Martha Evans Martin, the author of this book, is keenly interested in the stars in themselves, not technically. Aside from this book, she has written an interesting one called "The Ways of the Planets."

The story has a setting well-known to us all—that of the dark blue sky. Its characters are the stars, gay and sedate.

Through the entire story the author introduces each bright star individually. The first is Capella—a charming star that is nearer to the North Star than any other. Capella is above the horizon more than twenty hours and can be seen some time at night every month in the year. It rises in August about ten o'clock and about sunset in October.

Capella is yellow in colour like the sun. It is the same type as the sun and is about the same chemical composition. It is larger than the sun and gives at least one hundred and twenty times more light. Capella is not inhabited and is receding from us at the rate of twenty miles a day. It will be hundreds of years, however, before there will be any noticeable change. The constellation of which Capella forms a part is called Aviga. It is a five-sided figure somewhat in the shape of a shield.

Taking each of the bright stars in this interesting manner, Martha Martin brings to us the fine companionship of the stars without the tiring technical part. By reading this book it is easy to think of the stars as friends.

KATHLEEN CLOSE, CHD.

A FLAPPER

What is a "flapper?" Nowadays we use the word in speaking of a young girl who is "sophisticated" or worldly-wise, and it is not altogether a compliment for any girl to be called a flapper. The word has come into common use only in the last few years, but it is in reality a revival of a word which was used by Swift more than two hundred years ago. In Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," the people of Laputa are described as being so lost in deep meditation that they would

pay no attention to what was going on around them, unless they were roused from their speculations by being touched on the eyes and ears: "for which reason those people who are able to afford it always keep a flapper in their family as one of their domestics, nor ever walk about or make visits without him. This flapper is employed to attend his master diligently in his walks and upon occasion to give a soft flap upon his eyes, because he is so wrapped up with cogitation that he is in manifest danger of falling down over a precipice and pounding his head against every post and of jostling others in the streets." In Laputa a flapper was a person of either sex, and was regarded as a non-entity; and in his letters to his son, Lord Chesterfield warned him against becoming a mere flapper.

From O.A.C. REVIEW

—o—

MR. McDONALD'S VISIT

In November we, pupils, were very proud to have Mr. Wilson MacDonald, the Canadian poet, visit our school.

The pupils gathered in the auditorium where Mr. MacDonald gave a very interesting talk. In his speech Mr. MacDonald referred to some peculiar ideas that some people hold about poets. He assured us that they were not mere dreamers and "sissies," but real men; that poets are ordinary people. He himself, even "ate raw onions."

He told briefly the history of some of the Canadian poets, mentioning Pauline Johnson and Goldsmith.

Mr. MacDonald related how he had travelled much over Canada and the United States, and how he got his material. He said that the university did not recognize Canadian poetry because it did not smell "musty," meaning that the University thought a work of art must be old before it is of value. Then again, Canadian poems and poets are little known because our own Canadian Government does nothing to help the poets in placing their poems to the front.

Mr. MacDonald is the first Canadian poet to own his own book and who earns his living entirely from his poetry.

We all hope to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. MacDonald again soon.

EXCHANGES

"Compliments and Constructive Criticism Are Good For the Soul"

We have been favoured in receiving a number of splendid magazines from other schools, some have come even from Australia. These exchanges have brought us into close touch with school life in schools both far and near. We hope that these exchanges may continue for they have been very interesting and helpful to all.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE, Toronto, Ont.—A very nicely arranged book. A few more cartoons would add to its interest.

HERMES (Humberside C.I., Toronto, Ont.)—Material well arranged. Congratulations on literary department. Altogether a very interesting magazine.

LANTERN (Saskatoon) — Numerous pictures add interest. Success to the Albani choir. Staff picture might be given more prominence.

O. A. C. REVIEW (Guelph Agricultural College)—Very interesting. Would like to see an exchange column. More pictures would improve it.

ACTI LUDE (Oshawa Collegiate) — It would have been better to have had the advertising entirely separate from the reading material. A few more cartoons would also have improved it.

PURPLE AND GOLD (Newmarket High School)—A very good magazine for a small school. How about a few more pictures and a "Table of Contents?"

TECH TATLER (Riverdale Technical School, Toronto)—A few pictures might improve this. Interesting.

VULCAN (Central Technical School, Toronto)—Material well arranged and very good. Your cartoons are excellent.

"LAMPADION" (Delta Collegiate, Hamilton)—Very interesting reading. The advertisements should be kept by themselves.

L.C.C.I. REVIEW (Central Collegiate, London)—One of our best.

"TECALOGUE" (London, Ont.) — A very interesting magazine. We would suggest you have the name of the school more conspicuously displayed. L.T.S. appearing on the cover is a bit ambiguous. It might mean "Ladies Training School" or worse. More pictures would make the magazine more attractive. We all are childlike enough to like pictures.

"TECH TATLER" (Exhibition number, Riverdale Technical School, Toronto)—It is excellent. We would suggest more pictures, and more local news; and an Exchange column.

"THE TECHNICAL COLLEGE REVIEW" (Christ Church, New Zealand)—A very fine account of school life and activities. A Table of Contents would improve it.



TECH UNITED SOCIETY

Once more the Tech United entered the activities of the year. New officers were elected with all the enthusiasm and excitement of the Presidential elections. Speeches were made in the Assemblies and the pupils were left to decide whom they thought best suited to the positions. The results were as follows:

President—Frank Hull
 Vice-President—Edna Smith
 Secretary—Doris Day
 Treasurer—Cyril Edwards
 Sergeant at Arms—Louis Atkin

Third Year Representatives:

Commercial—Alfreda Begbie
 Technical—N. Cushman

Second Year Representatives:

Commercial—Francis Price
 Technical—A. Strickler

First Year Representatives:

Commercial—Jean Bunclark
 Technical—R. Brown

At the first meeting of the year the critics were chosen for the Tech United Programs as well as the judges who decide the winners of the cups. It was also decided that pennants would be sold to obtain money for the different activities of the school. These pennants are red with blue W.W.T. lettering.

Programs were started in a very short time. The winners have not yet been decided upon due to the fact that all the programs have not been presented.

C3A and C3B presented the first program of the season. C3A is so far the successful class with only one form to compete against them. Their program was made up of choruses and a pageant representing the different countries of the world. They also presented a play called "Medieval Magic."

C3B's program was very interesting as well as educational. It consisted of "The Literary Piano," the story of the typewriter, and a play written by one of our own teachers called "Tillie the Toiler" which was very amusing.

The next program took place on November 29, 1928, by T3A and T3B. A very interesting program consisting of a chorus, a school stunt, and a scene from Henry IV was put on by T3B.

T3A's was very novel and interesting. It was a descriptive narrative of the Great War showing the various events. War songs were sung by players and audience.

The next meeting of the Tech United was presented by C2A and T2A. C2A gave a humorous play "Grandma Pulls the String." T2A's



"TECH UNITED" EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Frances Price, Alfreda Begbie, Norman Cushman, Edna Smith, Jean Bunclark.

Front Row—Cyril Edwards, Mr. C. Adsett, Mr. W. D. Lowe, Albert Strickler.

Absent—F. Hull (President).

play was "The Dear Departed."

C2C and C2B next came forth with their contribution. C2C delighted the audience with "Shadow Pictures of Cinderella" and a Sailor dance. They also presented a short play taken from the time of Henry VIII.

C2B put on a play called "The Real Princess;" a recitation and a solo dance followed the play. This program showed variety and life.

Tech United is hoping to have a better year than previously, so let us all summon our best resources and make it the outlet for our literary abilities.

May Tech United continue to grow from the tiny seed planted

in 1927 to a strong factor in school life, and may its influence ever grow greater in creating a spirit of unity and good fellowship among the students.

EDNA SMITH

* * *

Teacher: Give me a sentence with "frequent" in it.

Freddy: The bearded lady escaped from the circus and nobody knows where the frequent (freak went).

* * *

There was a Scotchman and an Irishman and an Englishman. They all went out in a rowboat. A storm came up and the Irishman took off his hat and began to pray. The Englishman took off his hat to show respect. The Scotchman jumped overboard because he thought there was going to be a collection.



WINNERS OF ORATORICAL CONTEST

Back Row—Bill Powell, Abe Feldman, William Gibb.

Front Row—Shirley Hetherington, Mr. C. Adsett, Renee Sklash, Jno. Whittfield.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

The Oratorical Contest was held in the Windsor Walkerville Technical School on the last week of January. According to rules and regulations, the boys and girls of the first and second forms are considered Juniors, while those of the third and fourth forms are Seniors. There are four contests in all: Senior boys, junior boys, senior girls, and junior girls.

Senior and Junior Boys' Oratorical

Abe Feldman of C3B, winner of the Senior Boys' Oratorical, spoke

on the topic "Insurance." Bill Powell, of T2A, whose speech was "Achievements of Aviation Since the Great War," took first place in the Junior Boys' Oratorical contest. Both boys showed ability in public oratory, and although they did not succeed in obtaining honours in the final contests, both were worthy of commendation.

Senior and Junior Girls' Oratorical

Renee Sklash, of Commercial Special, was declared winner of the Senior Girls' Oratorical. Second place among the senior girls was awarded to Shirley Hetherington,

who spoke on "The Labor Union." Doris Reycraft, of C2D, carried off the honours among the junior girls. She gave a graphic description of the "St. Lawrence Waterways," and sketched their history from the early days of the English settlers to the present day.

Others who spoke were:

Senior Girls — Anna Starker, Mary Berbynuk, Dora Berman, Edith Timm.

Senior Boys—William Gibb.

Junior Girls—Marjorie Varah, Lillian Matthews, Julia Berbynuk, Isabel Kay, Grace Wilson, Barbara Drulard, Margot Burrows, Doris Brown, Ethel Heath, Ethel Sedgely, Lila Harper, Marie Annette.

Junior Boys—Levere Hodges, George Hatnean, Edward Lawley, John Thompson, Orville Edmonds, George Hastie, A. Maisonville, Bill Marriott.

RENA SKLASH

DEBATES

Immediately after the oratorical contest was finished "Tech United" held a meeting in which they made arrangements for inter-form debating among the senior forms. A shield is presented to the winning form each year, and T3B are trying hard to hold it in their room again this year. The debates are held in the auditorium during the Assembly periods and will not be completed till after Easter.

DORIS DAY

* * *

A young Scotch miner lived in a little village where there were no electric lights. The folk used candles to light their homes. The miner's wife was very ill and expected to die. That night before the Scotch miner went to work he said to his wife, "Well, Mary, if you feel yourself goin, blow out the candle."



MUSIC IN OUR SCHOOL

Music is, without doubt, the purest and simplest of the arts. Cowper said that it is the true universal speech of mankind. Tongues may be strange but music can always be understood.

We cannot all be great musicians but we can be appreciative listeners. A taste for good music can be cultivated and is invaluable to the possessor.

Music is given considerable attention in our school. "Tech" has an excellent orchestra and is filling a larger place in school activities every year.

Let us aim to acquire a deeper appreciation for good music and make "Tech." the foremost high school along musical lines, in the Border Cities.

IRENE BELL

* * *

Conductor: "Madam, you'll have to pay for that boy".

Old Lady: "But I never have before".

Conductor (hotly): That don't matter to me. He's over twelve years old, and you'll have to pay his fare or I'll put him off the car".

Old Lady: "Put him off. What do I care. I never saw him before."



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back Row—Levere Hodges, Eugene Kersey, Leslie Green, Albert Strickler, George Burnstein.

Front Row—Olive Shurak, Mr. P. Bennett (Director), Carmen Norton.

Absent—Frances Price.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Our orchestra continues to function from year to year, sometimes bigger, sometimes smaller, sometimes better, never worse. Although we lost a large number of last year's orchestra with the graduating class, new recruits have come in to keep up the good work. Our orchestra has practices every Friday night throughout the winter months. Orchestral playing is a great help to young players in many ways, and more might avail themselves of the opportunity. The orchestra regularly contributes numbers to the School Commencement exercises, and also to the school concert. The members of

the year's orchestra are: Mr. Bennett, conductor; violins, Olive Shurak, Carmen Norton, Leslie Green, Eugene Kersey, Francis Price; cornets, Levere Hodges, Allen Stricker; Saxaphone, George Burnstein.

* * *

When you are riding a mule what kind of a fruit do you resemble?
Ans: A beautiful pair.

* * *

Teacher: No, Billie, you must not say 'I ain't going', you should say 'I am not going'.
'You are not going'.
'He is not going'.
'We are not going'.
'They are not going'.
Billie (surprised): Gee, ain't nobody going!



CAST FOR ANNUAL SCHOOL CONCERT

Standing—Lillian Matthews, Doris Reycraft, Cyril Edwards, Wilfred Cada, Miss O'Donoghue (Manager), Frank Swackhammer, Alfred Hoole, Donald Meretsky, Gerald Halliday.

Seated—Jenny Robertson, Annie Rollo, Mrs. McGiffen (Director), Bruce Cameron, Louis Atkins.

THE SCHOOL PLAY

As an interpreter of American mentality of the year 1929 Booth Tarkington is unrivalled and as an interpreter of the mind of the youth of today he is without a competitor. In "Seventeen" his portrayal of the ideals and behaviour of a group of boys and girls is extremely amusing, a bit touching and continuously fascinating.

The drama unfolds the heroic struggles of "Seventeen"—Wm. Sylvanus Baxter, heretofore "Silly Bill" and his associates—to provide himself with a dress suit. His passionate need for this elegant raiment has arisen from his falling in love with the Baby Talk Lady, an accomplished, if youthful, coquette. The drama unfolds with a laugh at every turn, a few sighs and a final impression that though youth is ridiculous and frequently annoying, its uncompromising idealism is admirable and precious.

In presenting "Seventeen" the Concert Committee is making an effort to put the entertainment of 1929 on a par with the artistic excellence of the production of "Pinafore" in 1928. Under the able direction of Mrs. Mabel McGiffen two months is being given to rehearsal. Orchestra, costuming, lighting, scenery and management are in charge of Mr. Bennett, Miss D. N. Beattie, Mr. Johnston, Mr. O'Neil and Miss M. O'Donoghue respectively.

The casting has been very carefully done and each role is certain of a sympathetic presentation.

The players are:

William Sylvanus Baxter

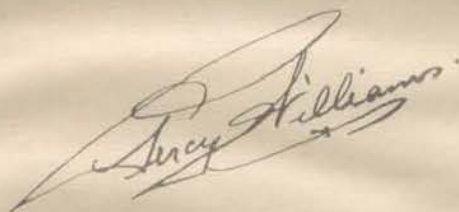
Mr. Baxter	Bruce Cameron
Jane	Wilfred Cada
Mrs. Baxter	Lillian Matthews
May Parcher	Doris Reycraft
Lola Pratt	Jenny Robinson
Johnnie Watson	Christine Carron
	Gerald Halliday

Genesis	Cyril Edwards
Joe Bullitt	Alfred Hoole
Mr. Parcher	Frank Swackhammer
George Crooper	Louis Atkin
Ethel Boke	Annie Rollo
Wallie Banks	Donald Meretsky
Mary Brooks	Helen Tobin

This "marvel" at sprinting has given us Tech students the pleasure of his presence, therefore, we should as good sports seek to know him better and to be proud of the fact that Canada has such a wonder in the great sport circle.

A. HOGAN, C2E

THE CANADIAN "CYCLONE"



On February 20, 1929, Tech's spacious halls were graced with the lithe steps of Percy Williams. But what has that to do with a Canadian Cyclone. Yes, we Canadians are ignorant of the fact that Canada claims the world's fastest human, and that he is commonly known as "The Canadian Cyclone."

This frail youth who completed his high school education at King Edward School in Vancouver, is at nineteen years of age, gaining world's fame as a sprinter.

Just out of high school this marvellous young man achieved great success for himself as well as for Canada, at the Olympic games held at Amsterdam last year.

At these games vast crowds saw the Canadian flag at the top of the mast twice in succession in token of the fact that for the first time in history a Canadian (Percy himself) had won the two major events at the Olympia, namely the 100 and 200 metres.

Since then he has been making and breaking records, not Victrola ones.

He has toured the United States and has not been defeated up to the present date. Lately he broke the world's record for 20 yards by one-fifth of a second.



A traffic cop was on a busy corner directing traffic. Every time he gave the "go" signal he called "pedestrians this way." There was an Irishman standing across the street. The cop looked at this Irishman (who had been waiting there for a long time) and called "all pedestrians this way." The Irishman answered back, "I've been waiting here for over an hour, and all I heard was 'all Presbyterians this way.' When the heck are you going to call the Catholics."

* * *

Famous Sayings of Famous People

C. Edwards—"I beg yo pawdon."
 L. Stanton—"Whoope."
 A. Muir—"And all that sort of rot."
 R. Cantor—"Got any more gum?"
 Abe—"Well, you know what I mean, Mr. Dean."
 A. Ferris—"Teacher, he won't leave me alone."
 Mr. Srigely—"Pass out."
 Mrs. Frby—"Next six letters for H.W."



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Although they did not have such a successful season, the basketball squad was one of the best, in material, that has ever represented the Technical Towers. They seem-

ed to lack horse shoes and although they gave all the leaders of the district a big scare, they could never manage to emerge on the large end of the score.



The leadership of the school's ball tossers was entrusted to Captain Cy Carley who is a veteran at Dr. Naismith's pastime. Cy is one

of the fastest floor men that ever graced a Tech uniform and play was centred about him. During a couple of frays Carley was absent

due to old man Sickness and as a consequence the team felt the loss of their regular pivot man.

In front of Carley on the forward wall for the Redshirts there could be found such basketeers as Runt Leishman, Tom Pendlebury and the Gold Dust Twins—Art Hogan and Bob Padgett. The combination of these tricky forwards proved a thorn in many of the opposing guard departments. Walkerville evidently must be accustomed to generating hoopsters since Carley and Leishman hail from that nearby town. Leishman is small and wiry with plenty of spring in his shoes which enabled him to outjump any of his taller adversaries. Andy also proved to be a mean geometician since he could readily pop counters from all angles of the court.

In Pendlebury was found a natural born court artist and it is rumored that when only six months of age Tom used to play in a basket. His tricky pivoting and his dead-eye shots added to the Red and Blue offensive although he excelled in denting the meshes from the charity lane. Next we have Art (Cyclone) Hogan, who hails from Assumption College. The red-headed Irishman has displayed to spectators that he knows what a basketball is for and has given intimations of making Paddock and Nurmi look like statutes. Last but not least there is Bob Padgett who graduated for last year's intermediate team to a berth in senior company. Bob is unselfish with the leather and has proved to be a dogged and determined player with beaucoup de fight.

The area in front of Tech's basket was carefully patrolled by Alf Hoole, Ken Swan and Dave Harris, who form the guard department for the Red and Blue team. This was Hoole's second season as a regular on Tech's quint and as a consequence was a great asset to the team. His ability to make sudden sallies into the enemies' territory

and his canny eye for caging the tanned-skinned pellet brought words of praise from the opposition's bench. Sometimes Alf filled in very capably on the forward line. Ken Swan, the "smiling sheik" of the tribe hails from Walkerville and therefore plays basketball. Ken camps on the heels of his man and can readily clear the ball from the backboard. "Tiny" Harris, the last of the trio, bobbed up for last years Intermediates and filled in at rear guard with satisfaction.

Another player who decorated our team as a regular, prior to Christmas, was Frank Hull, but since has departed on a cruise in the business world about town. Frank was a great asset to the team and his loss was keenly felt by the team. Then there is the big man of the squad, Frank Swackhammer, who proved to be a capable assistant to the coach in the capacity of manager, trainer, scorer, reporter, cheer leader, etc. Reference should also be made regards the capable handling of the games afforded the team this year in the person of Geo. Clive, of Detroit, who ranks among the best on the Southeastern Michigan Board of Referees.

The team had a very large schedule this year and made several journeys to Detroit, faring better with the American schools than they did in the Wossa group. They scored a double victory over the University of Detroit High both at home and on a foreign court. Walkerville took us into camp in our initial Wossa encounter. A week later Tech lost the fastest and most exciting battle of the season to W. C.I. by a small margin, 12-11. Tech was handicapped by the loss of Hoole and Leishman due to the flu. Mr. Clive describes that game as his best game for the year. Another trip to Detroit added further laurels with a win over Rosary Central High. Tech split even with St. Agnes and St. Anthony's of the Dynamic City.

In the Wossa Tech was outclassed in the final game with Assumption, but in the others at no time did the scores differ by more than six points. This should give Tech a great deal of credit since the teams of these various schools were decorated with more veteran material than our coach had afforded him.

FRANK SWACKHAMMER, C3B

THE INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL TEAM

In passing, we cannot fail to say a few words regards our Intermediate Basketball team. They are the reserves for our Senior and enough cannot be said to extol their qualities since it is their opposition that makes our Senior team work in practice. Then there are some that portray potentialities

which may become actualities and as a result may find the eye of the coach and a berth on the Senior five. The players that comprise the Intermediate are: Forwards, Cyril Pope, Henry Zwarzly, Tom Hart, Geo. Brown. Centres, Joe McKechnie, Bill Begley. Guards, Leddell, Johnson, Trotter, Atkins.



RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—Roy Jewell, Geo. Geddis, Reg. Morgan, Jack Trotter, Ken Christian, Gerald Halliday, Mr. C. H. Montrose (Coach).
Middle Row—Lawrence Langlois, Dave Harris, Bob Padgett, Weldrick Walker (Captain), Art Hougan.
Front Row—Vaughn Courier, Fat Rouchka, Phil Padgett, Clark Levis, Jos Zade.

RUGBY

Reported by Frank Swackhammer

The fine showing of three wins, one tie and one loss was not quite enough to carry us into the finals but for a team having only three players who had played the game before, speaks well for the material we have here at Tech.

The team was fortunate in having very capable directors. The popular choice of Weldrick Walker for captain is largely due to the wonderful spirit of unity which was predominant at all times. The grit to go, the pluck to fight to the end was shared by all. When the call came for a quarter-back everyone agreed that there was but one—Bob Padgett; and what a general he was! a director and a hard player combined.

Space does not permit us to pay a personal tribute to the efforts and abilities of the individual boys on the team but may we briefly mention the stellar backfield led by Ray Lauzon, the "galloping ghost," whose long runs turned the tide of battle many times; Kerr Christian, with his elusive dodge; Omar Drouillard with his steady handling of punts; Frank Hull and Dave Harris with their sure tackling and long runs. In Roy Jewell at centre we see pride taken in a job well done. He could not make a bad pass.

The combination of speed, alertness and sure tackling makes the position of outside wing on a team one of the hardest to fill. But while we had Jimmie Zade, the boy veteran, and Art. Hogan following down under kicks this position was very ably filled. On relief John Ross, Alex Todd, Lawrence Langlois, Frank Olski, Mike Teron and Metro Skaleski gave valuable assistance. The stone wall from behind which all plays must be started is not so much in the lime-light, yet it is the back bone of the whole

team. Weldrick Walker, George Geddes, John Trotter, Clark Levis, Reg Morgan, Tom Harte, Gerald Halliday, Vaughn Courier, Fred Bailey and Bill Roucka formed the blue line that was just as hard to go through as was the thin red one of history.

As trainer Phil Padgett galloped across the field at the call of "Time Out" the question was "would there be any water left in the pail when he arrived?"



THE TECH CADET CORPS

"Practice makes perfect" may be an old proverb but the accuracy of the statement no one will dispute. It is well exemplified in the excellent showing that our Corps made in June last on its annual inspection.

Meriting increased praise from the Inspecting Officer each year since its organization in the Fall of 1923 and first inspection in June, 1924, our Corps has finally achieved that end which is the aim of every corps, viz. the winning of the Shield awarded for General Proficiency in M. Dist. No. 1. This is all the more remarkable as the Shield was won on the fourth inspection of the Corps, in the face of exceedingly keen competition from the other organizations of the district.



The Corps is to be commended on its excellent appearance and steadiness when receiving Brig.-Gen. Armstrong, the inspecting officer, accompanied by Lieut. Col. Gillespie, as well as the precision with which the various units performed their own particular parts.

After the reception of the Inspecting Officer, the various companies gave an exhibition of company, platoon and section drill as well as physical training. On the completion of this part the Stretcher Bearers, Signallers and Band showed that these activities had not been neglected, all performing in a very creditable manner, the Band particularly receiving many compliments on their playing.

An interesting feature of the inspection was the presentation by Col. Laing of his cup to A Company for general proficiency. This cup was donated to the corps several years ago by Col Laing for Inter-Company competition.

At the conclusion of the inspection Gen. Armstrong addressed the Corps which mustered some 346 of all ranks, complimenting them on their appearance and steadiness.

The Cadet personnel was:

Battalion Commander—Kenneth Kersey.

2nd in Command—Frank Hull.

A Co. Co. Commander—Roy Pa-shak.

Platoon Commanders—Joe La-foret, Robt. Padgett.

B Co. Co. Commander—Edwin Herage.

Platoon Commanders—S. Larke, R. Dymmel.

C Co. Co. Commander—Wyatt Morill.

Platoon Commanders—F. Gurbin, R. Burnside.

D Co. Co. Commander—"Scotty" Milne.

Platoon Commanders—W. Boyd, W. Walker.

Signallers—Fraser Grenville.

Stretcher Bearers—Henry Fleming.

Band—Clancy Fisher.

Adjutant—Tom Tobin.



Tourist (to tramp sleeping under a nice shady tree)—Say Mac, can you tell me in what direction Puce lies from here?

The tramp lifts his leg and points his foot north.

Tourist (much surprised at the lazy actions of the tramp)—Say Mac, if you can show me a lazier trick than that, I will give you fifty cents.

Tramp—Open my pocket and drop it in.

Tourist (at town's station)—Are there any trains going south?

Caretaker—No, sir.

Tourist—are there any going north?

Caretaker—No, sir.

Tourist—Thanks old top, I think I can cross the tracks in safety.

Claire Ouellette, C3A, has won the prize for the best humour. The judges decided that she won the award because her jokes concerned school life and were the most original.



SOCCER

Back Row—Mr. W. D. Lowe, Peter Sinclair, Jas. Haugh, Burnet Stauth, Mr. P. Bennett (Coach).

Front Row—Don Watters, Bill Hall, Geo. Sinclair, Bill Swann, J. H. Taylor.

Absent—Don Johnson, Robt. Gardner, W. G. McDonald, Geo. Hastie.

THE SOCCER TEAM

The 1928-29 soccer team had a very successful season, losing only to last year's WOSSA champions, the Walkerville High School.

Owing to the fact that the Technical School student body is an ever changing one, it is difficult to pick out and train a winning team. Under these circumstances the coach, Mr. Bennet, can be highly commended on his team's success, and the players upon their excellent spirit.

It would greatly simplify our coach's task if those interested in this sport will come forward at the commencement of the 1929-30

school year and volunteer their services.

The players of this year's team were:

Goal, Hastie; backs, Johnson, McDonald; half-backs, P. Sinclair, Gardner, Stauth; forwards, Hall, Swan, G. Sinclair, Watters, Haugh.

GEO. SINCLAIR

* * *

Judge—Why don't you try keeping out of jail for once?

Jail-bird—I did and I got 30 days for resisting an officer.

* * *

School Inspector (to the class)—Why does a stork stand on one leg?

Small boy—Please, sir, because if he lifted the other he would fall down.



TRACK AND FIELD TEAM

Back Row—Joe McKechnie, Fred Barker, Burnet Staith (Senior champion), O. Souilliere, Alf. Hoole, Geo. Brown, Jack Holt, Norman Cushman, E. Lamoureux, Levere Hodges.

Third Row—Earl Bartholomew, H. McFarlane, Miss Jean Beasley (Director of Girls' Athletics), Mr. P. L. McManus (Coach), Miss M. Connerty (Coach), Fred Hames, Ken Christian.

Second Row—Rose Tarnow, Helen McNamara, Ellen Dubois, Anna Krivoshein, Alfreda Begbie, Dorothy Gatacre, Claire Ouellette, Ellen Cutts, Louise Heaton, Mary Benstein.

First Row—Helen Skelding, Margot Burrows.

THE TRACK TEAM

Due to the loss of some of our star athletes, Julius and Leo Goldman and Wilfred McArthur, our team was greatly handicapped this year. The members of this year's track squad were for the most part new blood and as a consequence lacking in experience.

Our team won very few events since the experience of the other contestants from the various schools afforded them a great advantage.

The members of our team were: Tom Simpson (Junior Champion), Ray Lauzon, Alf Hoole, Ken Christian, Frank Hull, Geo. Brown, O. Souillier, Norman Cushman, Ed. Lamoureux, Burnet Staith, Joe

McKechnie, H. Kelly, Art Debernardi, Fred Hames and Bill Begley.

It is hoped that when Coach Wood and his assistants issue the call for spike shoe artists, there will be a large turn out to gain a place on the thin clads for the spring meet at London.

N. CUSHMAN, T3A.





OUR FIELD DAY

Early in October, a week prior to the intercollegiate field meet, our annual Field Day was held on our own campus. As a result of the day's activities for the thin clads in the various events there were crowned new champs in different classes of boys' and girls' competition.

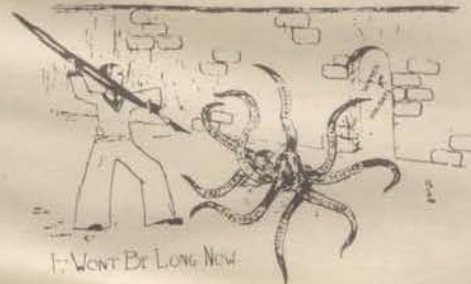
Although the competition in the senior events was not as keen as in the other classes, nevertheless Bernard Stauth captured the Senior Boys' Championship.

In the Intermediate class the honors fell to Fred Barker, a freshie, from Prince Edward School who collected a total of twenty-three points to cop the Championship.



To Tom Simpson fell the honor of grabbing off a total of thirty-three markers to romp to the Junior Championship. The boys' inter-class competition laurels went to T3B who were closely pressed by T1C and T2C.

Both the senior and junior championships in the girls' events were shared when two girls finished in a tie for each top rung. Ellen Dubois and Ellen Cutts split the laurels in the senior competition, with Margot Burrows and Doris Massey dividing the spoils in the Junior division. C1A carried off the class title in the girls' events.



Dupius—How can I get to St. Luke's Hospital?

Bogeman—By throwing a piece of paper in room 202.

* * *

One man (to another)—Do you believe in evolution?

The other man—No, the man was created first, then the lady came along and made a monkey out of him.

* * *

Man—I can trace my relations back into my family tree.

Woman—There are only two things that live in trees, birds and monkeys, and you certainly can't fly.

* * *

Teacher (to Ratus)—Give me a sentence with the word delight.

Ratus—While going to bed last night the wind came in the window and blew out delight.

ROBERT HYDE, T1D-B.



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM

Standing, left to right—Angela Ouellette, Dorothy Gatacre, Miss Connerty, Miss Beasley (Coach), Jenny Robertson, Salina Allen.

Seated, left to right—Ellen Cutts, Jean Gemmell, Florence Clark (Captain), Alfreda Begbie, Elsie Smith.

SENIOR GIRL'S BASKETBALL

Tech's senior girls' basketball team was one of the best we ever had. Four of last year's team were back, and with the addition of Jean Gemmel from Walkerville C. I. and Florence from Windsor C.I., and with the working in of Fern Fisher, Elsie Smith, Salina Allen and Jennie Robertson, Tech was able to put a first class team on the floor.

This team won three out of five hard-fought games.

We played home and home games for the group play offs. Our first game was with Walkerville, at Walkerville. We were successful, with a 22-13 score. Our next group

game was with Windsor here. Again our team won, the score being 18-16. We then played Windsor, at Windsor and lost 22-18. The following Friday we played Walkerville at Tech and won 23-17. As we were now a tie with Windsor for first place in our group, we played off in General Byng gymnasium. Tech girls led all through the game, but lost out in the last few minutes. Windsor won by a 34-40 score.

Senior Girls' Basketball Team Personnel

Florence Clarke—Came to us from Windsor C.I., bringing her snappy left hook to help us through the season.

Salina Allen—Our peppy little guard produced at Tech, for Tech's benefit, proved her mettle in all our games.

Jean Gemmel—A steady player who uses her head. She came here from Walkerville C.I. Her accurate shooting helped to build up our scores.

Elsie Smith—A guard with lots of pep and an accurate pass. She has proved herself a reliable unit of the guard line.

Winnie Potts—Is that dependable little forward who has done so much by her accurate passing and shooting to help our team to hold their own.

Jennie Robertson—Worked in very well in the guard line when our other guards left. Jennie was handicapped, not having had the practice with the first team in the early part of the season.

Verna Rudling—A splendid guard, left us just after Christmas.

Fern Fisher—Another good guard who left us at Christmas.

Our subs also deserve credit. They played well when called upon. Alfreda Begbie, Angela Ouelette, and Dorothy Gatacre formed a strong support for the forward line, while Ellen Cutts, Ellen Rourke and Georgina Begley did the same for the guards.



INTERMEDIATE GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM

Standing, left to right—Greta Bake, Ethel Blundel, Miss Connerty, Edith Timm, Miss Beasley (Coach), Jean Hughes, June D'Cou.

Seated, left to right—Ellen Cutts, Salina Allen, Dorothy Gatacre (Captain), Jenny Robertson, Eileen Rourke.

GIRLS' INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL TEAM

Our Girls' Intermediate team was a snappy little team. Through-

out the season they played close games.

The first game of the season was with Sandwich at Tech, Sandwich

won, the score was 21-12. The next game was with Walkerville at Walkerville. Tech was successful by an 18-16 score. The intermediates next tackled Windsor in Windsor's gym, and won by a score of 17-15. The next game was the return game with Sandwich, played at Sandwich. This time Tech beat them 16-14. The return game with Walkerville was the next on their program. Again they were successful by a 19-17 score. The next game was Tech's first against John Campbell, and they lost it, the score being 11-10. Then came the return game with Windsor. This time Windsor won 21-17. This game concluded the games for the intermediate group.

Our intermediate team was comprised of: Dorothy Gatacre, Greta Bake, Jean Hughes, Claire Ouellette, Effie Blundel, on the forward line; Salina Allen, Ellen Cutts, Eileen Rourke, Jennie Robertson, Vera Rudinkaff, Ann Snyder, on the guard line.



Teacher (taking class in chemistry)—
What does sea water contain besides sodium chloride that we have already mentioned?

Tom Simpson (in the back of room)—
Fish, sir.

* * *

John (searching for knowledge) —
What keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down, sir?

Teacher—The law of gravity, my lad.

John—Well, how did people stay on before the law was passed?



GIRLS' SOFTBALL

Our girls' softball team went through the season of 1928 without a defeat.

The players on this successful team were:—

Muriel Smith, catcher; Eva Green, pitcher; Edna Smith, 1st base; Marjorie Cosham, 2nd base; Verna Rudling, 3rd base; Leta Knight, left short; Gladys Parent, right short; Jewel Delong, left field; Alfreda Begbie, centre field; Margaret Horton, right field.

—o—

GIRLS' TRACK TEAM

We held our field day on the premises of the school the week previous to the intercollegiate field day.

The girls track team showed skill in all the events. Those who were successful in different events were as follows:—

Dorothy Gatacre, Jean Smith, Mary Taylor, Marjorie Varah, Helen Stelding, Louise Heaton, Ellen Dubois, Ellen Cutts, Anna Turton, Anna Krivoshein, Dorothy Barnhart, Doris Massey, Claire Ouellette, Angela Ouellette, Alfreda Begbie, Margot Burrows, Helen MacNamara, Mary Beautein, Rose Tarnio.

Ellen Dubois and Ellen Cutts were senior champions for our own field day. Margot Burrows was junior champion.

ALFREDA BEGBIE



SENIOR (WOSSA) HOCKEY TEAM

Standing—Mr. Geo. A. Courtenay, Mr. W. D. Lowe, Mr. H. Ord, Geo. Hastie, Mr. R. J. Desmarais, Wm. Boyd, Mr. N. F. Morrison, Mr. R. A. Scott, Doug Sabain, Pat McCan.

Sitting—Don Johnson, Eddie Ouellette, Tom Tobin, Mr. I. V. M. Corregan, Eddie Martin (property man).

HOCKEY

The Windsor-Walkerville Technical High School was represented by three teams on the ice during the season just closed. One was in the Junior O.H.A., one in the Junior WOSSA (Western Ontario Secondary School Association), and the third in the Senior WOSSA.

In the O.H.A. competition, the Tech boys were beaten out in the group finals by the Riverside Bluebirds. This was Tech's first year in the big league, and while not qualifying for inter-group play-offs, the boys made a creditable showing.





JUNIOR (WOSSA) HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row—Messrs. W. D. Lowe, H. Ord, Geo. A. Courtenay, N. F. Morrison, R. J. Desmarais, R. A. Scott, I. V. M. Corrigan.

Middle Row—Metro Skolesky, Edgar Lamoureux, Bill Mailloux, Bud Langlois, Bert Johnson, Fred Bibbings.

Bottom—Omar Drouillard, Alex Todd, Ed. Martin (property man).

The Junior WOSSA team reached the finals against the Stratford Collegiate boys. In the first game at Windsor, March 8, with Stratford, Tech was on the short end of a 2 to 1 score. The return game was played at Stratford on March 11, with the result that Stratford was victorious by 5 to 4, winning the round and the cup by 7 to 5. Tech beat Stratford a year ago and brought the cup to our school. This is the third year in succession that the Stratford Collegiate and our school have met in the junior finals. While we lost the cup this year, we wish to pay tribute to the hospitality of the Stratford boys and the citizens in general; they accorded us the very best of treatment.

In the Senior WOSSA, our team qualified to meet the boys of the Sir Adam Beck Collegiate, London. The first of the deciding games for the championship was played in London, March 15, when a tie score was the result, each team scoring

two goals.

In the second game in the finals, Tech defeated the Beck team by 6 goals to 2, thus winning the round and championship by a score of 8 to 4, both teams having had two goals to their credit in the first contest.

The silver cup, emblematic of the honors gained by Tech, was presented to the winners on the ice at the close of the game, George Hastie, as captain, receiving the trophy on behalf of the team. Later, at the Prince Edward hotel, where a dinner was provided by the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School Board for both teams, medals, indicative of the victory, were presented to the Tech boys by Mr. W. H. Downey, as representative of the Western Ontario Secondary Schools Association, donor of the emblems.

The victory gives Tech two trophies, the school having previously won the King cup, which gives the victors the distinction of Essex county champions in the realm of hockey. Tech took the King silverware from the Riverside Bluebirds at the close of 1928.

While Tech has hockey players to be proud of, much credit for their development and success must be given to Mr. Neil F. Morrison, B.A., member of the school teaching staff and manager of the team, and Mr. I. V. Corrigan, who has done fine work in coaching the boys.



RIFLE TEAM

Back Row—Chas. Hartlieb, Carl Montgomery, Wilfred Cada.
Middle Row—Chas. McDermid, Bert Balsam, Geo. Geddis, Joe Heffernan.
Front Row—Jno. Messacar, Mike Farbota.

OUR RIFLE TEAM

Above, one sees a group of our boys who represented the school in the King George V cup match which was held in London last October. While not winning the match, they made a very creditable showing, standing in fifth place against the pick of the team in Western Ontario. This is an exceptionally good showing when it is considered that the official range facilities in Essex are negligible. In fact, it is due to the courtesy of the Shawnee Gun Club, who very kindly allowed us the use of their

range, that such a good showing was possible.

Nor is this all. The greater part of the target work is carried on under supervision on our own indoor range in the school, which, competent judges say, is an excellent one. Many of the boys are developing into good marksmen and, incidentally, all are learning to exercise care and skill in handling and using firearms, a precaution so necessary for the safety of others and the enjoyment of the sport.



THE ALUMNI

Schooldays, what happy thoughts. Those days are gone forever. But we can still perpetuate those cherished memories, through occasional meetings with those who accompanied us through school life. There is no friend like a real friend, and those friends who were made amid the babble and laughter of school days are the real friends of today.

In order to promote occasional contacts with these friends, each school has formed its own Alumni. The Technical School boasts such an organization. Every student graduating from the majestic Towers of Technical can stride with pride into its own Alumni Association.

Besides perpetuating schooldays, friendships and memories, the Alumni has another valued work, which involves this principle—to say nothing of your school suggests you are ashamed of it—to talk in glowing terms of your school shows pride. The work of the Alumni is to extol the ideals and principles of its school. Those enrolled in the Alumni denote by their membership that the school is a source of pride in their lives. The Alumni Association will be heard boosting its school, and any true valuator of community assets will do the same.

During the current year the Technical Alumni will spend much

time in making the ideals of the school better known to the public. To lecture on them would be of no avail. Those lofty ideals must be demonstrated, for what is seen cannot be refuted by words.

On the sixth of February, a general meeting of the Alumni was held, new officers were elected as follows:

Honorary President—Mrs. M. McGiffin.

President—J. M. Rogers.

Vice-President—B. Kerr.

Secretary—G. Kerr.

Treasurer—F. Knight.

Advisory Committee—Jessie Lowther, Nellie Ostrowski, Leta Knight, Esther Churchil, Joe Des-Rosiers, Chas. Fisher, Fraser Grenville, Douglas Wage.

At this meeting Mr. W. D. Lowe gave the executives his assurance that whatever he could do to aid them in their work, he would do. The executives of the Alumni appreciate this generous attitude and take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Lowe for his generosity.

J. M. ROGERS

MY TRIP TO MALTA

"The Isle of Sunshine." What a title for the beautiful island of Malta. That was my first impression as I entered the harbour of Valetta, the capital and most beau-

tiful city on the island. The white buildings with their high steeples looked like shining spears piercing the white clouds. As the boat entered Grand Harbour we had a splendid view of the Flotilla, all newly painted. We later found out that Malta was somewhat of a repair shop for the Mediterranean vessels. When we arrived in port we were met by our friends in a quaint cab, brought for our special benefit; and what a cab—not like our modern de luxe cabs—but they were very novel and afforded us much enjoyment. We were driven to the fashionable Strada Reale where we resided during our visit. It is a much narrower thoroughfare than that at home but was lined with more beautiful buildings. What seemed odd was that the homes all possessed balconies. Very nice for a Romeo and Juliet act if one was not particular whether a crowd gathered to view the scene. It was on this street that the Opera House was situated. During our visit we spent a great deal of time at the plays and pictures, the majority of which were in Italian. Those that were in English I had seen some months before, either in England or at home, but enjoyed them nevertheless. The Opera House is very wonderful inside and out. It really looks like one of Washington's municipal buildings. Our time was spent mostly in sight-seeing, a never ending occupation. There is so much of interest to be seen.

The Maltese History seems to have begun at the time of the Knights of St. John. Practically all of their cathedrals and palaces date from that period. St. John's Cathedral is magnificent. The altar is wonderful and the walls are gorgeously carved and have huge paintings on them as well as on the arched ceiling.

Among the most prominent buildings in Valetta is the Nesleyan Church, the Augerve de Castille, the Customs House, Admir-

alty House at Vittoriosa, and the St. Paul's Cathedral, which is the highest pinnacle in Malta, now the residence of the Governor, all of which are very impressive.

During our stay they held their annual races. These races are very interesting and were carried on in much the same manner as ours. This custom also dates from the time of the Knights of St. John.

We went across to Sliema in a small launch. It is a city quite the same as Valetta but not as large. When we returned to Valetta we went to Strada St. Lucia, but were forced to descend from the cab and climb the many steps of St. Lucia which I think must amount to almost a hundred if not more. I thanked my lucky star when I arrived at the top. A peculiarity of Strada San Patrizio is the hanging out of the weekly wash on the front of the houses from one balcony to another. It reminded one of some of the streets on the East Side of New York.

We took many short boat trips and met a great many people. Malta seems to be a great resort for people from all parts of Europe. They could hardly find a more beautiful place to visit. Il-Torri, in Sliema is the finest promenade in Malta and English aristocrats can be seen taking an evening stroll here quite frequently.

We could not possibly leave Malta without visiting "Chalet" Char Id-Dud, a favorite summer resort of the Maltese. It is very beautiful and a pleasant time can be had by one who is visiting these resorts.

Before going further I wish to comment on the native costume of the Maltese women. It is gradually dying out but is still worn by many. It consists of a long skirt reaching almost to the ground, of a dark, high necked waist with many tucks in the front; of a wide belt, and of a huge hood effect that serves as a hat to protect one from

the sun and which is also long enough to reach half way down to the ground. A bag is carried in the hand and jewelery is worn. Light waists are often worn but generally by the younger women. This is a very picturesque costume.

All too soon came the date when we must say good-bye to the sunny isle and it was with regret that we left the fortified city. The last I remember was the "boom" of the large gun from the Saluting Battery after which I woke up.

I still cherish my dreams of Malta and hope to see some day "The Isle of Sunshine," and all the beautiful places which I see in my dreams.

EDNA SMITH, C4

WRITTEN AS DICTATED

"Now, Miss Blogg," boomed Jasper M. Whurtle, President of the Whurtle Whirlwind Laundry Company, to his new stenographer, "I want you to understand that when I dictate a letter I want it written as dictated, and not the way you think it should be. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Blogg, meekly.

"I fired three stenogs for revising my letters, see?"

"Yes, sir."

"Alright—take a letter."

The next morning Mr. O. J. Squizz, of the Squizz Flexible Soap Company, received the following:

"Mr. O. K. or A. or J. something Squizz, of the Squizz what a name Flexible Soap Company, the gyps, Detroit, that's in Michigan, isn't it?"

"Dear Mr. Squizz, hmmm;

"Your a h— of a business man. No, start over. He's a crook, but I can't insult him or the bum'll sue me. The last shipment of soap you sent us was of inferior quality and I want you to understand, no scratch out I want you to under-

stand. Ah, unless you can ship, furnish, no, furnish us with your regular soap, you needn't ship us no more period, or whatever the grammar is, and please pull down your skirt. This d— cigar is out again; pardon me, and furthermore, where was I? Nice boh you have.

"Paragraph.

"The soap you sent us wasn't fit to wash the dishes, no make that dog, with comma, let alone the laundry comma, and we're sending it back period. Yours truly.

"Read that over, no never mind, I won't waste any more time on that egg. I'll look at the carbon tomorrow. Sign my name. We must go out to lunch soon, eh?"

P.S.—A lesson to Commercial students.

THE WANDERER SPEAKS

When far from home
I often roam,
My heart begins to yearn
For friends again:
And I would fain
Once more to home return.

But when I shrink
From what they'll think
Of me, who went away,
With no farewell
To those who dwell
In that little home so gay:

I hear them call,
I love them all:
True love will find a road
For me to tread
To that homestead,
My own beloved abode.

CHAS. FISHER

THE GRADUATION DANCE

The graduation dance this year proved to be one of the school's most outstanding social events.

It was the fourth annual dance of its kind in the history of the school and proved a huge success.

Invitations were limited to the graduates of the year, each gradu-

ate being allowed to be accompanied by a friend. The chaperons of the party were the school teachers who added very pleasantly to the success of the evening.

The gymnasium was very prettily decorated in coloured streamers, and by lanterns shedding a soft light over the spacious floor, the orchestra being surrounded by palms at one side of the floor.

Mr. O'Neill, as master of ceremonies, conducted the party splendidly. Coloured paper hats were given out and streamers were so plentiful that it seemed like a jungle of colours. The balcony was reserved for the refreshments which were plentiful and excellent. The grand march and many novel dances were done to the enjoyment of all those present.

Too, it proved the meeting place for old school acquaintances who had not seen one another since having graduated.

The time passed so quickly and pleasantly that when the orchestra, who rendered excellent music all evening, struck up the anthem, a sigh of regret went all along the floor at the thought of having concluded so pleasant an evening.

Many thanks are due to Mr. O'Neill for his work in decorating the gym. so splendidly and in his delightful conducting of the party; also to Mr. and Mrs. Lowe and teachers who added so charmingly to the evening.

FRANK HULL

MEMORIES OF T3B IN 1927-28

There once lived a Mann, named Wilkins
Who was Bourne on Langlois Ave., in
the city of Hull.

He had Longfeet which were always in
the way;

He had a friend named Duggan who
studied Law,

And who had a sister Merry who always
wore a White dress.

Her Parent insisted that she go to church
To see the Pope,

Who wore a Rose on his coat.

Merry had a sly Fox for a pet

Who larked Lowther than she wished.

Wilkin's other relations are:

Doloughan, Ecker, Morneau, Bristowe,
Carley and Fleming,

Brozki, Dymmel, Gurbin, Odevseff, Erwin, Hoole.

Halliday, Bogeman and Niemi.

JOHN HENRY ROSE and
TOMMY FRANCIS DOLOUGHAN

WHERE SLEEP THE FLOWERS?

From woodland dells and meadows
I hear a murmur low,
And it softly seems to whisper,
"Where do the flowers go?"

The flowers that bloomed but yesterday,
The Hollyhocks so fair,
The roses and the foxgloves,
That perfumed all the air?"

Then up a gentle wind,
An answer soft and deep;
"The flowers that bloomed but yesterday
Now lie fast asleep.

The fairies keep watch o'er them,
And sweetly to them sing
A song of rain and sunny days
That wakes them in the spring."

MEMORIES

Tho' fast the years are rolling by,
Tho' golden sun is rising, sinking,
Each day is born, at night to die;
Time passes by us; all unthinking
We take no heed of time or place,
Live for the day, look to the future,
From out our minds the past erase.
But scattered thoughts our minds still
nurture:

Thoughts of other days and scenes;
Youthful dreams, so light and gay,
Flash once more on memories screens,
And our minds begin to stray
Back through the years to long ago.
In fancy once again we meet
The friends who shared our joy and woe,
Whose hearts beat as our own heart
beats;

Their faces smile at us once more;
With love light shining in their eyes
They greet us warmly as of yore,
When strong and true were friendships
ties.

And thus we stroll down Memories' Lane
To where four towers still rise greater;
A prayer we sav in simple vein,
"God bless our glorious Alma Mater."

CHAS. FISHER

COMMENCEMENT

The sixth annual commencement exercises were held in the auditorium of the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School, Wednesday evening January 16th, 1929. The chair was taken by Mr. Albert Long, chairman of the board for 1928.

The program was opened by the singing of "O Canada" followed by a selection from the school orchestra, directed by Mr. Percy Bennett. The chairman then delivered an address to the graduates of 1928. There followed a piano solo by Miss Nourma Gledhill.

Mr. M. A. Sorsoleil, M.A., a provincial inspector of technical schools, who was here on a tour of inspection at the time, gave a very interesting address to the students. In his talk he emphasized the fact that the girls and boys should keep their bodies clean inside and out and show individuality in their work. He advised the students to give serious consideration to their vocations and then become masters of their occupations. He also advised the pupils to become interested in some religious organization or some association that will help to develop their minds. He wanted them to practise the habit of being intense and not to become indifferent to what was going on about them.

After Mr. Sorsoleil's address a very pleasing vocal solo was rendered by Miss Chrissie Smart after which the diplomas were presented to the Commercial graduates by Mr. Frank Harding. Mr. John Rose then rendered a violin solo. Miss Maude Holding gave the Valedictory Address in which she spoke of the graduates' sorrow at leaving their school and thanked the teachers for all they had done in the shaping of their lives.

Scholastic awards were next presented. Miss M. O'Donoghue, M. A., presented to Miss Maude Holding the Lucy Towle Memorial

Scholarship. This award is made on the basis of scholastic standing, school activities and character, and was contributed by former graduates in memory of Miss Towle, a former teacher of the staff.

Mr. S. R. Ross, C.E., presented to Charles Hartleib, and Norman Cushman, the first Senior and Junior prizes; and second prizes to Joseph Laforet and Bruce Walker. These prizes were donated by the Essex County Builders' and Contractors' Association. The merit pins were given out by Mr. W. D. Lowe, M.A.

Mr. John Rogers and Mr. Arthur Mann then gave the Class Prophecy for both the Commercial and Technical Departments, respectively.

Athletic awards were presented by Mr. R. J. Desmarais and the trophies by Mr. F. W. Begley.

A selection was then given by the school orchestra before closing the program with "God Save the King."

EDNA SMITH

FROM THE PEN OF A GRADUATE

Since my recent graduation from school I have found the training which I received there a great benefit, and a great help to smooth out difficulties that I feel would have been harder without this experience. A graduate soon finds that working for a living is not as hard as it seems when viewed from a distance. He is soon at home among his new companions and surroundings, and quickly identifies himself with his work. So "Grads." when you leave school, the sooner you settle down to your jobs the easier it will be; and the sooner you become interested in your work, the sooner do you think of your work as a pleasure rather than as a task.

I feel sure that every loyal graduate of "Tech." takes great pride in the way the school has forged ahead in the last few years. All this comes from the spirit of co-operation and unity that has existed in the school since its recent birth. A school that could produce such a magnificent success as was shown in the Annual Concert—H. M.S. Pinafore—last year, has every reason to face the future confidently. If we can produce the same spirit among the alumni as there is amongst the students we will have accomplished much.

Sincerely,

CHAS. FISHER

—o—

GRADUATION PROPHECY

No more shall we return to school,
With joy and pain we know 'tis true.
We either worked or played the fool,
Success came only to the few.

Before we part from dear old Tech,
List as we call on magic powers:
The fates, three sisters, only know
What lies in wait for future hours.

I see a building, marble halls,
A thousand suites, all gilded moulding;
And chief of staff, in modish garb,
Our leading girl, the same Maude Holding.

As summer days make their approach
Saul Bercuson, Aquatic Ace,
In water garb of wondrous hue,
Ford City's famous beach doth grace.

So quaintly as the years unfold,
'Tis Edna Smith I seem to see,
Within the veil of future years,
How she will look at ninety-three.

That friendly smile will still be there;
Tho' time may write across her brow,
And mar the beauty of her face,
She will reflect what she is now.

Now take a look at Abe and Joe:
They own a scraper, ten flights high.
At Morrison's department store,
A house and lot you now can buy.

The vista fades, I see a place
Where basketball doth reign supreme;
The foremost maid you recognize,
'Tis Muriel Smith, the basket queen.

With moustache trimmed, buttons galore,
Comes Captain Kersey, proud to lead,
Not mere cadets as heretofore,
But soldiers bold from Turkey Creek.

Now what have I got for Winnie Potts?
This little girl is fond of sleep.
And fates at last have set aside
For her convenience, a model suite.

Nellie Ostrowski, you well know,
Can parlez-vous and Polish too,
Can cook and sew and make fine hats,
What is there she cannot do?

Your former schoolmate Arthur Mann,
Will take a picture of your face
And make it look so fine and grand
Your friends would never know you.

Down the road to fame I see
The dancing girl of Technical.
Verna Rudling will go far
Because her eyes are tragical.

I've just been told by hidden fates,
Where Margaret Price will make her
stand:
Down to the farm her lone trail leads,
Down to where ain't nature grand.

JOHN M. ROGERS

—o—

GRADUATES OF THE TECHNICAL DEPARTMENT—1928

As through the flowers I gently tread
A curtain in front of me is spread;
And with that curtain of snowy white
There stands a very minute sprite.

Who, with a smile, said to me,
"If in the future you would see,
A little attention give to me."

As the mist began to rise
The little sprite changed his size
Into the stature Hull will be
At the age of twenty-three.

Powerful man of high degree,
Owner of lands and a big fat roll.
He never his large feet can see,
He's something like a porridge bowl.

Langlois, with a character rare,
Says no pretty girl with golden hair
Will break his heart, or fortunes mar;
He thinks he'll be a hockey star.

If some great feat of our concern,
Try Roy Dymmel for a good turn,
Or Donald Fox, the auto king,
Next to Ford is the very thing.

There comes a youth who's very slick,
He says he'll take the world by storm;
He's from the bounds of Turkey creek,
And his name is Gerald Bourne.

Fisher, the sheik, a timid soul
Who with a girl once played a lark,
When from the dance hall they did stroll
He tried to kiss her in the dark.

From fair Russia a husky man comes,
 Alex Odeyeff, seven feet tall,
 With much ambition but no large sums,
 With brains and strength he'll beat
 them all.

The red hot sheik, Joe Laforet,
 A healthy career would have
 If from night clubs he'd stay away,
 And stop cementing his hair with salve.

A prophecy of Helen Best
 Is at the most a simple thing;
 Some day she'll be the honoured guest
 Before his majesty the king.

Florian Gurbin, a hasly lad,
 Had a Lizzy that wouldn't go;
 He offered it oats and was sad
 As the old Ford wanted a tow.

The air was blue, his face was red;
 The old Ford, she was truly sick.
 As Florian slowly shook his head
 He declared it was a dirty trick.

Alex Cherkinsky, a handsome lad,
 Typical of the Jewish race,
 Pares high and business bad,
 Two bits for this yard of lace.

Now let me introduce to you
 A smiling girl without a frown;
 A baby doll with eyes of blue;
 Goes with every boy in town.

At every dance she's on the floor
 With Jack or Jim or John or Bill;
 She loves 'em all and looks for more;
 Her name? Miss Nourma Gledhill.

And as the sun was brighter shining
 The little sprite looked ill and weak;
 The mist had a golden lining
 Then it was gone—just like a streak.

Though the world of today is a mar-
 -ous age,
 There were other days of brain and
 brawn;
 And the friends that are close to me
 today
 Only remind me of the friends that are
 gone.
 But where have they gone, down in dis-
 -grace and shame?
 NO! upward! upward! upward till now
 They are reaching the heights of their
 glorious fame,
 With the vows of "Old Tech" behind
 their name.

ARTHUR J. MANN

AFTER GRADUATION

This year again has taken from
 us a number of pupils who have
 fared forth into the world to seek
 and strive for the goal of their am-

bitions. The list below will show
 show the pupils are employed:

Stenographers:—

Margaret Price, Helen Best,
 Maude Holding, Hilda Haisman,
 Marion Perks, Winnifred Burton,
 Muriel Smith, Nellie Brown, Mar-
 ion Goodbrand, Hazel Dawson,
 Margaret Allen, Edith Henderson,
 Audrey Dale, Elsie Roach, Mabel
 Parker, Edith Chapman.

General Office Work:—

Verna Rudling, John O'Keefe,
 Gladys Parent, Wyatt Morilla, Fern
 Fisher, Francis St. Amour, Mildred
 Leigh, Abe Morrison, Helen Boath,
 Joyce Borton, Ella O'Neil, Leona
 Galest, Olive Norwood, Grace Bee-
 kett, Lillian Britton, Irene Riley.

Switchboard Operators:—

Nourma Gledhill, Eileen Leggatt.

Filing Clerks:—

Florence Miller, Vera Austin.

Dictaphone Operators:—

Electa McDade.

Comptometer Operators:—

Nellie Ostrowski.

Ladies of Leisure:—

Eva Barash, Doris Gibbs, Edna
 Smith, Irene Hautala, Jewel De-
 long, Alfreda Begbie, Winnie Potts,
 Margaret Buchanan, Dorothy
 Child.

Bookkeepers:—

John Rogers, Saul Bercuson,
 Frank Ditiezel, Kenneth Kersey,
 Joe Morrison.

IRENE HAUTALA, C4

Technical Department:—

Building Construction: H. Stad-
 don, Stephan Robarts, building
 contractors; J. Laforet, Graham
 Paige; L. Beren, Dangerfield &
 Winter, architect; D. Hall, Trussed
 Concrete Steel Co.; V. Vie, archi-
 tect; A. Cherkinski, A. J. Lothian,
 architects.

Mechanical Department:—

M. Cushman, Bendix Corp.; M.
 Pullen, Michigan Theatre; E. La-
 foret, Bell Telephone Co.; C. Fish-
 er, Pattern Products Corp.; E. For-
 tin, Bell Telephone Co.; A. Lang-
 lois, Dominion Forge & Stamping;

F. Hull, salesman; D. Fox and F. Gurbin, Tool & Die Co, Essex; A. J. Mann, greenhouse work; A. Law, Canadian Motor Lamp; B. Boroski, Northern Engineering Co. Those who are employed at the Ford Motor Co.: R. Pashak, N. Briscoe, E. Eklund, C. Weese, E. Milne, J. Rose, Wm. Hougan, F. Morneau, G. Erwin, A. Odevseff, H. Fleming, R. Carley, H. White and G. Bourne. Those continuing their education: Alfred G. Hoole, Harold Ecker, Roy G. Dymmel, Ira Wilkins, Gerald Halliday, Ernest Niemi, Chas. Hartlieb, Fred Hales and Harold Duggan.

ROY G. DYMMEL, T4

VALEDICTORY

Chairman, Teachers, Graduates, Friends:

Tonight we students are bidding farewell to the Technical School.

Just a few months ago we were spoken of as the young men and women of tomorrow. Now we are putting behind us the happy care-free schooldays and developing by stages into the young men and women of today.

We have made the first step towards that unknown future of ours, whose foundations have been laid at the Technical School. We owe an immeasurable gratitude to these teachers of ours who have equipped us with the knowledge which will enable us to make our own niche in this busy world of today.

When I was a child I remember the statement that "a teacher's occupation is one of the noblest in the world." Surely there is little other work nobler than the training of the mind? Young minds are very receptive and it depends much upon the guidance of the teacher whether young people go out into the world with a broad-minded humorous outlook or a narrow bigoted view. In short it is the teacher's task to make good sportsmen

out of all her students whether they be compounded of good or bad material.

We graduates of 1928 have nothing but praise for our teachers. At every step they have given us their cooperation and help, and a kindly interest has been shown in our aims and views. So we sincerely hope that they may be long capable of carrying on their noble work of instruction.

Now 'tis time to say farewell to all dear Tech associations, which with the passing of time will become but fond memories. So dear to our hearts has Tech become that we feel actual pain at the thought that we may no longer pass through her doors morning and evening as students of today. No more may the Tech United, that thriving school institution, claim us as members. But every year as graduates pass out of its doors they will carry with them that spirit of good fellowship and sympathy which is the bond of Tech United.

In after years whenever we meet a fellow creature who has studied under the shadows of Technical Towers we will feel a leap at our hearts and imagine ourselves once more within its dearly loved walls.

Steadily the Technical School is building a good name for herself; it is the duty of all students past and present to preserve that name which is gained only after the earnest efforts of her teachers.

So our parting message to students is:

"Be happy in your School,
Be proud of your School,
And Honour your School."

M. HOLDING

* * *

American Newspaper Reporter—And in what state were you born, Professor?

Professor—Unless my memory fails me, in the state of ignorance.

Reporter—Right, and how long have you lived there?

Technical Department



Sheet Metal Room

SHEET METAL

In our school Sheet Metal is taught in all its phases. It is a trade as ancient as history.

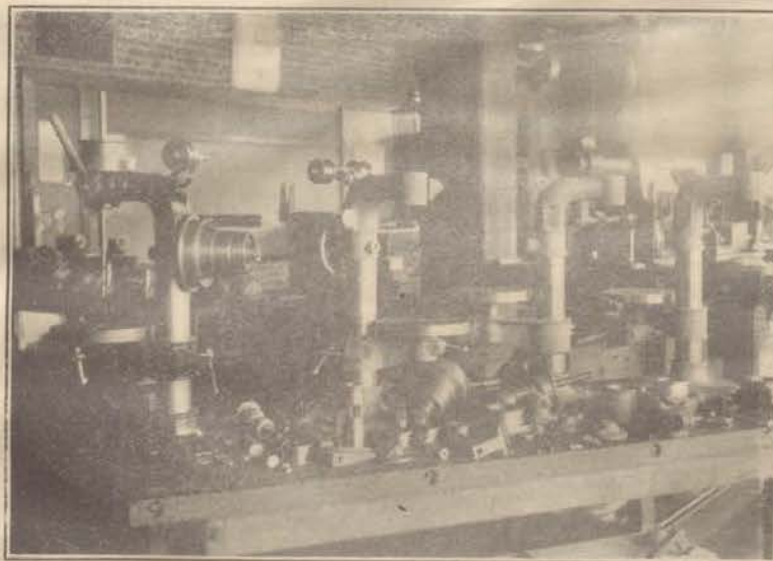
Sheet Metal is becoming more necessary every year as new uses for it are being found, and new combination of metals are being discovered to meet these needs.

From the humble kitchen to the highly-furnished automobile or

aeroplane seems quite a step, yet sheet metal or aluminum is the base of these.

The modern sheet metal worker must know how to spot, weld, butt weld, how to operate the hammer, and must have a knowledge of many other things.

The above picture shows the boys at work in the sheet metal shop.



Bench Drills and Parts Nearing Completion

THE AUTO SHOP

"Gee, fellows, there are lots of cars intoday, that means lots of work."

How often that expression greets the ears of a listener as a class is coming into Rom 111, otherwise known as the auto mechanics class room and shop, because most of the time is spent in working on autos as well as spending a certain amount of the time in studying the construction and theory of the modern autos.

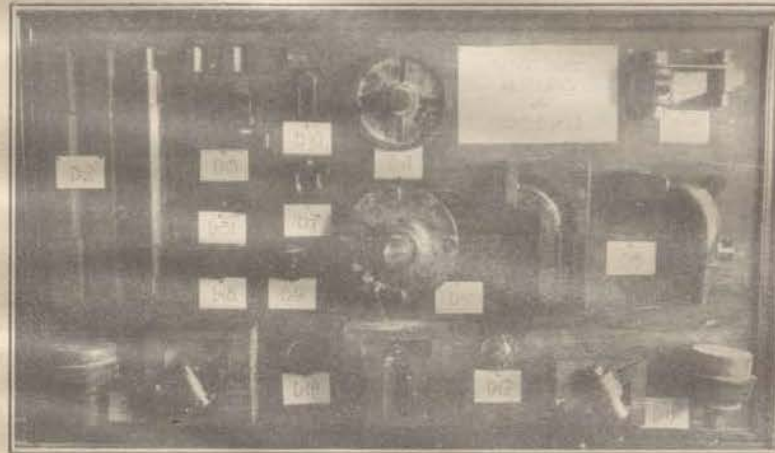
The boys do actual repair work under close supervision, and that

they do real work is testified by the fact that many cars are on the waiting list ready to be brought in as soon as we can find room for them.

Accidents, even minor ones, are rare, because the boys must first learn safety first rules.

The best of up-to-date tools are carefully kept in order in the crib in which the boys take their turns in working.

In this room many humorous things take place. See Dramatic Section.



Bench Drill Patterns and Core Boxes

By D. G. H. Heard

Instructor of Patternmaking

Where can the boys and girls of today, who are face to face with the necessity of making vocational choices, find the help they need for this difficult task? Few parents are competent to give advice to their children. Vocational education as taught at the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School has bridged this gap, and the student is able to begin work as an economic asset rather than as an economic liability to his employer.

Wood pattern-making is one of the several vocational subjects taught. Pattern-making dates

back to the time when man first poured metal and made castings for use.

Objects made of cast metal are shaped by the process of founding. Foundry practice is that branch of the metal trade, dealing with the melting of metals, and the pouring of these metals into moulds that are usually made of sand. It will therefore be seen that in order to shape the sand moulds some sort of form is required. Making these forms called patterns is a branch of the metal trades known as pattern-making. It deals with the modeling of objects in wood and metal, that are intended to be cast

in metal. To become a successful pattern-maker, a thorough knowledge of the principles of mechanical drawing and foundry practice are necessary.

To many this work may seem wholly a mechanical process, but it is in fact an art which requires a strong effort of the imagination, because all moulding and constructive features of the pattern must first be decided upon, before actual

work on the pattern is begun.

No other metal trade affords a greater opportunity for the development of constructive ability than this work. The trade is congenial, clean and well paid. The above picture represents the complete patterns, and necessary core boxes fabricated by students of the pattern shop for a Sensitive Drill Press which is being made in our school machine shop.



Chemistry Room

CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

The science of Chemistry is the basis of the world's advancement in the last fifty years. This im-

portant study is carried on at Tech in the fine laboratory shown above where each student has an individual place to work.



MILLINERY

The Millinery Department under the direction of Mrs. McIntyre, is certainly a favourite with the girls of the school. Here, the girls of the Technical Department spend a great deal of their time, while the Commercial students have classes once a week during one of the school terms. A three year course is arranged for girls who wish to specialize.

Because there is something about hats that appeals to every modern girl, more potently, perhaps than any other part of the attire, the future stenographers make use of every moment of their time spent in this department. The first step towards the Millinery goal, is to learn the stitches, and these are first practised on a piece of cloth, to be made use of later.

The style of the hat is then decided upon, a model being copied or a design originated. The colour most suitable to the hair, eyes and complexion is then chosen, and when the hoods arrive (for every smart hat is made from a hood or body hat as it is sometimes called) the girls are ready to start their first experience in hat making.

Besides making the hat the pupil must keep a record of what she spends on it, including time, and compare it with the price charged at a retail shop for a similar hat. The difference is something to make every girl wish she had taken a course with Mrs. MacIntyre.

The Millinery students learn to buy intelligently. Buying clothes and materials is a part of the course.

The importance of the part played by the milliner in achieving the general ensemble of the modern woman, must be emphasized.

The perfect design needs two things primarily: creative art and talent, and specialized training in making hats. The creative talent is like other talents; it is born and

developed, but it is not made. However, any girl with the average good taste and judgment can copy or adapt styles, and if she has learned the ways of millinery, she can make a chic and stunning hat.

DORIS DAY, T3A.

—o—

A GRADUATE

As for the all-important subject, Millinery, it is still fascinating. No doubt, at this season of the year, it is fascinating, or at least interesting, to every feminine creature and little wonder when you consider the new Spring styles.

With every good wish for the staff, pupils, ex-pupils and graduates of the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School.

HELEN BEST

—o—

THE DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT

One of the interesting features of the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School, is the dressmaking course. The sewing room is furnished with all the necessary equipment for the making and designing of dresses or costumes.

When I first entered the dressmaking department, I could not sew on the sewing machine, nor could I use a thimble. Now I can use both fairly well, and I could not sew without a thimble.

A girl does not need to have much money to be the owner of lovely clothes. She can make her own clothes with as much style and durability as the clothes she buys. In this department she learns to know the value of materials and how to choose suitable clothing.

All the pupils are interested in the coming bazaar and are making different garments for this affair, which is to be held at the end of March.

LORRAINE DENNISON, T1



— CLASS ROOM —

OUR COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

With the greatest number in attendance of any vocational school in the Province outside of Toronto, the Border City communities should be proud of their Commercial Department in the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School. This attendance has increased over eleven times in the last sixteen years.

With a staff of eight Commercial Specialists to take charge of the special commercial work along with Graduates and Specialists in the English and Mathematical branches, this school is equalled by none in the thorough business and all round efficient training it gives.

A commercial education not only should enable one to earn a livelihood, but be such that will fit one to enjoy life in the future and make of one a good citizen. Such an education should be broad and practical in English and Business

Mathematics, and lead one to appreciate good literature, music and art. The above, combined with the sciences allied to commerce, together with a thorough commercial education, should amply fit one for life's work.

The great success of our Commercial Department has been owing to the fact that we have endeavored to give our students such an education. For our girls we add cooking, millinery and dress-making, knowing that the ideal of women is home-making; and these, added to our Commercial Department course, give an efficient education for a successful life.

In the accountancy department we give the boys in addition to the regular subjects, blue-print reading, drafting and auto mechanics, while the girls are taking part in the household arts: thus our boys are more efficiently fitted for all round office assistants and executives.



— TYPING ROOM —

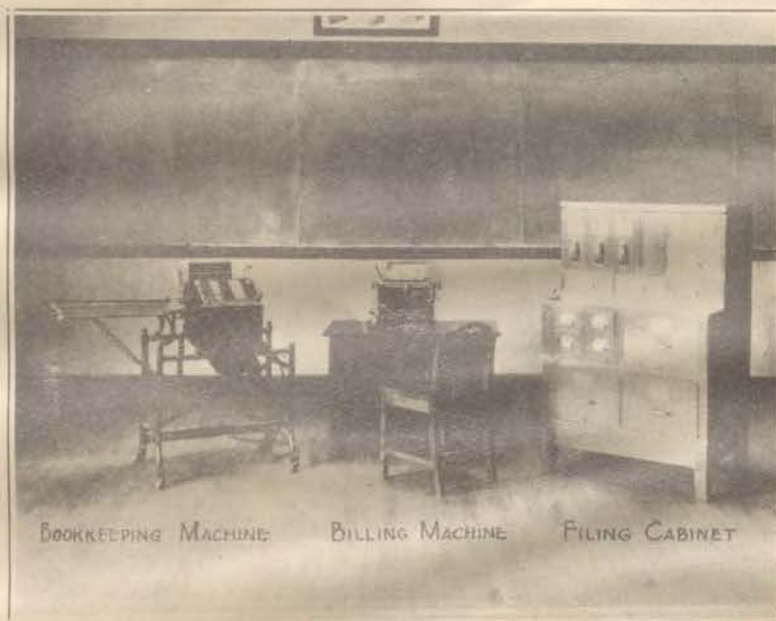
Our course at present is divided into two regular departments: the Accountancy and the Secretarial. In both of these Departments, all students to graduate, must take literature, business English, and oral and written composition, public speaking, business arithmetic, history of Commerce, commercial geography, economics, typewriting, office practices (including filing and business machines), junior accountancy, business law, science of materials, spelling and penmanship.

When one considers the above comprehensive course of study, three years are all too short to absorb everything as thoroughly as desired and for that reason we recommend all to take a fourth year, if possible. We have no apology to make for our commercial courses or the length of time it takes. Our courses have been approved by a commercial advisory committee chosen from the most

prominent business managers in the Border Cities. These men, employing office help for years, know the education required for the several positions and so we are certain that our courses are the most efficient ever devised.

To provide for the lulls and gaps that occur our pupils take the adding and listing machines, comptometer work and billing, and in their fourth year the Bookkeeping machine and Dictaphone. To those in their 3rd year who have reached 40 per minute on the typewriter, the privilege of taking the Dictaphone is given.

As office typewriting is one of the most important subjects in the modern office, pupils have to take this subject in all years of their course and the majority reach 50 and 60 words per minute. Medals galore for 50 per minute and over have been taken by our pupils in the past few years.



BOOK-KEEPING, BILLING MACHINE, FILING CABINET

As legibility and rapidity in writing is one of the great requirements in the business office today our specialists in penmanship do not slight that subject. From the "Ford Motor Co." came the following statement: "It is very apparent in our every day experience that the value of being able to write legibly is demonstrated many times in the course of the day." In the rush today of business life we also demand rapidity with the legibility and our specialists demand these two qualities in all pupils' work.

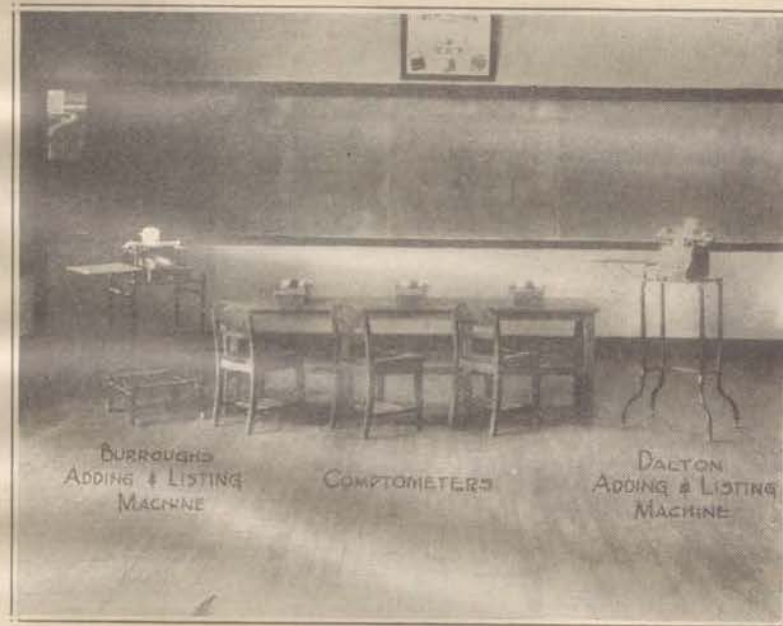
Owing to the superior training our girls taking the Secretarial course receive, they are able to take the best positions even though they are very young. They take the work from the start that one would expect an experienced girl to take. A young girl just 17 was chosen by one of the largest corporations in our Border in competition with all classes and ages. Another, a graduate of last year, only 17, and

who stood 16th in her class, is today secretary to the medical advisor of one of the largest corporations in Detroit. She takes in shorthand his lectures to the various branch plants he visits and her salary is \$125.00 a month.

In our Accountancy Department our boys take advanced accountancy instead of stenography and are trained for accountants, auditors, and general office assistants. All other subjects of the Commercial course are taken by the pupils of this Department.

One of our past graduates was the youngest ever to take the Certified Public Accountant's degree of Michigan and today he is auditor and office manager for a Detroit firm at a very large salary.

We never have enough good boys in our Accountancy Department to supply the demand. One of our graduates just 21 is now head of the office for a Windsor firm at a salary of over \$2,000.00 a year.



ADDING AND LISTING, COMPTOMETERS

Two new branches added during the last year, were the Dictaphone and the Switchboard. To be a good Dictaphone operator requires high speed in typewriting, good hearing and a quick and intelligent mind. One of our graduates of last year after a month at night school, 2 days a week, on the Dictaphone, was tried out by the Dictaphone Co. of Detroit. Today she has her own desk in that office at a nice salary.

In the latest branch, the Telephone switchboard, all pupils get practice for a stated period; and not only on the switchboard but on the regular telephone all pupils get a thorough training. Today with so much business done over the phone we do not neglect this important work.

For years we have had what we call our Special Form: pupils who have had 3 or more successful years in a Collegiate or High School. The pupils in this form take the full commercial work only and complete the course in a year.

It is more the nature of a secretarial than an Accountancy course, for all both boys and girls, take stenography, and even having the boys take stenography we never have enough boys to fill the positions where managers require boys for stenographers. We have another special form for those who have had one or two years at a Collegiate or High School. In this form the subjects are more varied and corrective of those they neglected in the other school, together with the commercial subjects of our school.

Having an attendance of nearly 600 in the Commercial Department alone, with such a great demand for our efficient students of both branches, together with the great opportunities in the Border and Detroit for our graduates, we feel assured in the years to come, our Commercial Department will make a greater growth and soon come into its own by occupying a new building over the portals of which will be emblazoned, "The Border Cities High School of Commerce."

GUESS WHO'S FROM T3B? "Men are simply boys grown up."



FORM REPORTERS

T1A—Eugene Ecker
 T1B—Jack Trotter
 T1C—Joe McKechnie
 T1D—Jn. Thomson
 T2A—Russel Swegles
 T2B—Al Strickler
 T2C—Archie Baxter
 T2D—W. Shea
 T3A—Doris Day
 T3B—Louis Atkin
 C1A—Jean Bunclark
 C1B—Beatrice Cohen
 C1C—Joe Lefave
 C1D—Barbara Drouillard
 C1E—Beatrice Wilson
 C1F—Lillian Jenkins
 C2A—Irene Bell
 C2B—Doris Woolgar
 C2C—Florence Simons
 C2D—Ella Ebbinghaus
 C2E—Fred Hames
 Com. Sp.—Shirley Hetherington
 C3A—Eileen McConnell
 C3B—Allan Muir
 C4—Alfreda Begby
 T4—Alfred Hoole

FORM NEWS—T1A

We have the smallest "man" in the school in our form, but he is a great scholar. He came second in the Junior orators. Who is he? "Tiny" Whitfield.

J. DUNLOP

FORM NEWS—T1B

The class of T1B is the pride of the first forms. It is highly represented in sports, music, drama, and other school activities. In football we were represented by Trotter, who is our best athlete. He is also doing his best for basketball. Cohen and Teno are our best hockey players.

In the oratorical contest we were represented by two good orators, Hatnean and Lawley. They did remarkably well, and upheld the good name of our class. McFarlane and Kelly and Holt helped to make our Field Day a success, in running, hurdling and jumping.

There is a Waspe in our room—you should hear the sweet music from his violin.

* * *

Mr. Dean: My wife has gone to the West Indies.

Mr. McManus: Jamaica?

Mr. Dean: No, she wanted to go.

—o—

FORM NEWS—T1C

Hello. This is T1C speaking. We are the pest-class of "Tech." You know our athletes, Fred Barker, our intermediate champion, and Joe McKechnie. We also have a great runner, Arthur Debernardi.

We have musical ability in T1C. Harry Dean, Ton Austin, Leslie Green, Cecil Vandsriel, Allan Searle, Earl Bartholemew and Jas. Fairhurst can by their music "swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire."

Barton Jewell, Joe Walsh and Joe McKechnie represented T1C in the oratorical contest.

MARSHALL BAILEY

* * *

Wouldn't It Be a Funny Thing if—
 F. BARKER forgot his peanuts!
 H. MITCHELL got high marks in history.
 J. McKECHNIE didn't play basketball.
 B. JEWELL hadn't anything to say.
 L. GREEN grew up to be 6 feet tall.
 E. REAUME became sensible.
 R. DOBSON didn't have short hair.
 DOUG. GREEN was the tallest man in class.

HARRY MITCHELL, T1C.

—o—

FORM NEWS—T1D

I have the honour of introducing to you T1D.

Some people say that the D stands for dumbbells, but don't you believe it. We've got a group of the prettiest boys in the school. We also claim the honour of having among our ranks the first year representative of Tech., Robert Brown. Among our athletic brethren we have William Mailloux, a hockey player; Olski, a burly gridman; and several members of the

track team, namely: Hartley, Clark and Spidy. We also have two first class cartoonists whose drawings no doubt will be seen in this magazine. Pete Corchis is one of our finest basketball players. None of the boys are lacking in ready wit and mischievous thoughts. To sum up, I believe we have as much to be proud of as any form in the school.

* * *

Can You Imagine in T1D

COHEN asking sensible questions?
HARTLEY making the school basketball team?
HOLDING with his hair brushed?
SPIDY not acting silly?
OLSKI with his hair mussed up?
HULL not laughing?
PARENT winning the oratorical contest?
NORTH without his hair curled?
BROWN writing his own compositions?
HYDE with black hair?
SMITH not eating?

* * *

Our Teachers' Favourite Remarks

Mr. Montrose: "Get those books read."
Mr. O'Neil: "Is that clear?"
Mr. Harman: "Do you see that?"
Mr. Dean: "Dry your pen and straighten your neckties."
Mr. Johnston: "Stop at your own bench."
Mr. Seggie: "Clean off those benches."
Mr. Hearde: "Who won the war?"
Mr. MacManus: "Did you hear this one about—"
Mr. Ord: "How did you do that?"
Miss Green: "Straighten up that line."
Miss Carley: "Stay in after three."

WILLIS ROSS, T1D.

FORM NEWS—T2B

T2B Poem

I'd like to present to you, you see,
The best form going, namely, T2B.
There are forty and two in our form
And most to manhood already have
grown,
And yet we're boys, some tough, some
smooth,
But few know the result of two times
two.
There's Joe McParland, our famous hoc-
key star;
And Smithy who drives a limousine car;
Carl Montgomery is the sheik of sheiks;
Yet sweet Les Gourley seldom speaks;
Donald MaGee, who never fails to eat;
Then Charles McDermand with his tiny
feet;
Fred Harding of Castles in Spain ever
dreams,
While Berton teacher's pet tries to be it
seems.

George Burnstein plays sax in the or-
chestra;
Tom McAiney's picture appeared in the
Star;
Then Gordon Strevett to the air hopes
to take.
But why not follow your father's trade?
Duncan Jaques along the movie line has
planned;
And Swan will play soccer on some dis-
tant strand.
But Albert Strickler to Mathematics will
stick;
While Alf Rothero stamps wants to lick.
And by now you should have a fair
knowledge
Of those who won't go to college,
But will stick to TECH yet a wee,
The students of TECH'S famous T2B.

ALBERT STRICKLER, T2B.

* * *

T2B Students' Bright Remarks

Donald MaGee—When do we eat?
Bill Swan—Ask the Star.
Frank Brown—Hockey, Baseball, tickets
for sale!
John Taylor—When I crossed the At-
lantic—
Ray Mathews—The Erie street car was
slow.
Geo. Burnstein—As you all know there's
a difference between man and woman.
Geo. Goldstein—I'll offer you three cents
for it.
Alfred Rothero—Now, no more of your
wit.
Frank Brown—Oh, teacher, Oscar Oom-
iutsky is also absent today.
Fred Harding—Well, I'll be blamed.

* * *

Pa: Why are you late in coming home
from school today?
Son: Because I couldn't tell the teach-
er where the Azores were.
Pa: Remember where you put things
from now on.

ALBERT STRICKLER, T2B.

—O—

T2C

This in T2C announcing their program
for "Tech Year Book."
Here's to old Tech where our school days
were spent,
With our thanks for the pleasure that
its teaching has sent;
We worked on hard, we never gave up,
For only the failures gave up in disgust.
The students are fine, the teachers swell,
To explain all the classes words cannot
tell,
So in a few words you'll learn from me,
A little class history of form T2C.
There is Askew, he's lots to say,
But he can't help it—he was born that
way.
Next is Fraser with his hair so black,
Intelligence is the only thing he lacks.

Then Heubank is our class's sheik,
But when you look at him he's only a
freak.

Let's close by introducing Cudmore,
he's our "Vietrola;" Mickey Drouillard,
out star hockey player, and finally Har-
shaw, the joke of the class.

R. CLEMENTS

* * *

Just Imagine

BERT BALSAM not sleeping in class.

* * *

Science

Teacher: Who can name me one im-
portant thing we have now which we did
not have a hundred years ago?

Harshaw: Me.

* * *

Teacher (in locker room): Drouil-
lard, you've got your shoes on the wrong
feet.

Drouillard: G'wan, these are the only
feet I've got.

—O—

T2D

Our "Line-up"

A—is for Adilard, our hockey star.
B—is for "Billie," who is called "Turkey
Creek."

C—is for Chester, with a girlish talk.
D—is for Donald, one of the Mohawks.
E—is for Erwin, the drug store clerk.
F—is for "Freddie," well known as "An-
nie."

G—is for Good, and Good we shall be.
H—is for "Henry," the shiek of the class.
I—is for Ink, that does our work neat.
K—is for Kenneth, our "Mother's Boy."
L—is for "Louis," the "Big Mouth Star."
M—is for Monday, the day we all like.
N—is for "Noah," who likes the girls.
O—is for Oswald, with a "Charlie Chap-
lin" walk.

P—is for Pennies, that buy us pop corn.
Q—is for Questions, that are answered
well. (Who said that?)

R—is for "Reginald," our best scholar
in P. T.

S—is for Stars, which our class is noted
for.

T—is for "Tricky Tom," our basketball
star.

U—is for Useless, our well known Char-
lie.

V—is for Ventilator, where our thoughts
all go.

W—is for Walter, our Gym Instructor.

X—is for Xmas, that comes too late.

* * *

Will These Things Ever Happen?

OUELLETTE ever forget his hockey
sweater?

GUOIN ever come early?

LEWIS ever answer a question?

PENDLEBURY ever learn to play bas-
ketball?

TUDRICK ever grow up?

PRICE ever act sensibly?

BIBBINGS ever grow humble?

TINY ever forget to make a big knot
in his tie?

SAUNDERS ever get fat?

THORN ever spend more time on study
than on his hair?

REID BROTHERS ever have perfect
attendance?

PARENT ever forget his goggles?

MARTIN ever stop reading in class?

SHEA ever stop climbing?

WALTER SHEA, T2D.

* * *

Famous Sayings By Famous Teachers

1. I'll use the billie on you.
2. That will do now.
3. Who wants a job.
4. Keep out of this corridor.
5. Stop that talking.
6. What are the essentials of a pattern?

WALTER SHEA, T2D.

* * *

Grammar

Teacher: Give me an example of a
collective noun.

R. Read: A vacuum cleaner, Miss.

* * *

Teacher—Guoin, who was the father
of the Black Prince?

Guoin—Old King Cole, sir.

—O—

T3A'S FUTURE

John Berbynuik	Artist
Fred Bailey	Wood Worker
Percy Banwell	To be a Debater
Wm. Boyd	Nothing
Vaughn Courier	Editor
Cyril Crossley	Capitalist
Norman Cushman	Architect
Mike Forbota	Tool Maker
Harold Feltmate	To become an expert
Williard Ford	Writer
John Gibson	Aviator
John Goodwyn	Jeweller
Wm. Hall	Chef
Joe Hefferman	Pattern Maker
Russell Kipp	Inventor
Clarence Langlois	To be a professional
Clark Levis	Orator
David Liddell	Nothing in particular
Emanuel Parent	Engineer
Theo. Pullen	Nothing
George Sinclair	Druggist
Bruce Walker	Electrical Drafting
Don Watters	Mathematician
Marcus Wood	Builder
Dolores Bloesing	Nurse
Doris Day	Stylist
Jennie Maleyko	Dressmaker

—O—

T3B ROLL CALL

At a time convenient to you,
Just come around to 202,
First you notice something red as a rose,
Don't be alarmed, that's Tom Tobin's
nose;

And as down the aisle you will go,
 You'll see Grose and his banjo;
 Next in line comes Pope,
 Who thinks our form's a joke.
 Then comes Simpson whom we think is
 dumb,
 Except when we chew his chewing gum.
 There's Lawson Weese and Long,
 Always waiting for the nine o'clock
 gong.
 Roy Sinesac, a farmer boy from Harrow,
 Can't tell the difference between a dog
 and a sparrow,
 And during the lecture Roy Jewell spake,
 Smith was the one who stayed awake.
 Dave Harris is very well known,
 And swears he cut Geo. V. out of his
 throne.
 Walker, our all round star,
 Still waits for a free street car.
 Next comes Atkins, who seems so bold,
 His beard is big, but he's not old.
 Anderson and Gibb have always stood
 at the top,
 Holcombe thinks he should, his ole man's
 a cop.
 Petrie is a bugler and Messacre a drum-
 mer,
 What could make a bugle band dumber?
 In the next seat back sits Langlois,
 He joins in to make the noise;
 Latimer's body is small compared to
 his feet,
 He has his troubles putting them under
 a seat.
 Nixon seems to be a smart lad,
 He couldn't do his homework without
 his dad.
 Reader and Nethercoat ducked on Clarke
 To walk with his girl up to the park.
 McLaren and Padgett will be aviators
 soon,
 Unless, by mishap, they "faw down and
 go boom;
 And in conclusion I must say—
 We'll all be ready for work some day.

R. A. PADGETT, T3B.

* * *

Impossibilities in T3B.

GROSE playing a drum in a bugle band,
 NIXON not being a teacher's pet.
 SIMPSON not eating peanuts
 LANGLOIS not talking.
 LAWSON not going back to collegiate.
 J. McLAREN making some noise.
 PETRIE doing some work for himself.
 HOLCOMBE getting his hands dirty.
 READER growing a moustache
 WEESE speaking to anyone
 HARRIS not chewing gum.
 "SPEC" being a cadet officer.
 LONG acting sensibly.

* * *

Mr. McManus, in trying to explain the
 meaning of "slowly" to T3B, illustrated
 it by walking across the floor in that
 manner. When he asked the class to
 tell him how he walked he nearly "passed
 out" when Padgett shouted "bow legged."

S. G., T3B.

FAMOUS T4

I am sure you all have heard before
 Of a class at Tech. called "T4."
 Their names are known no doubt,
 For they're seen all about.
 Hoole stars for Tech in basketball,
 And at each game he scores them all.
 In rugby Halliday does shine.
 He finds it easy to cross the line.
 Wilkins, the shiek has set a great pace,
 For each one of his hairs must find its
 own place.
 His shoes sure do shine,
 Much better than you can get for a dime.
 When Mr. Johnson doth appear,
 "Hartlie" is the next word we hear.
 Beren is young and will not admit
 That with a young lady he made a hit.
 Hales an architect will be
 When he the outside world will see.
 Duggan is hot, whom I'm sure you have
 seen.
 If not, visit our class and you'll know
 whom I mean.
 On the ice Niemi can do his stuff.
 If he sends the puck sailing, he does
 not bluff.
 Ecker is our mathematician.
 He gives his answers with clearest de-
 cision.
 There's Dymmel, who dares not to throw
 out his chest,
 Inquire by his classmates, they'll tell
 how he's blessed.
 There are many who have left us,
 Which we deeply regret,
 Who are now in the world's business
 Making good money I'll bet.

* * *

Accomplished

T1, T2, T3, T4.
 The latter is what we aimed for.
 Now that we have reached the goal,
 We're sitting like on the North Pole.
 (Top of the world.)

ROY G. DYMMEL, T4.

* * *

The Height of Impossibility

NIEMIE always here on time.
 WILKINS with his hair mussed.
 ECKER getting a mathematics question
 wrong.
 HARTLIEB not liking electricity
 DUGGAN having his debate ready.
 HOOLE standing first in class.
 HALES without his work done.
 DYMMEL, hating drafting.
 HALLIDAY always treating.
 BEREN not making love to Jewel D.

* * *

Famous Sayings of Famous Teachers

Mr. Harmon—Alright, two lines.
 Mr. Fraser—Well! Where have you
 been?
 Mr. Bennett—Now this is serious busi-
 ness.

Mr. Montrose:—Come on! come on! in your seat!
 Mr. Ross—Make this a bang up job.
 Mr. McGrath—Come on, I've got a job for you.
 Mr. Seggie—Alright clear'r'r oop.
 Mr. Shriar—Have you heard this one?
 Mr. Adsett—I'll give you a walking ticket.
 Mr. MacManus—Get ready for Mr. Fraser's class.
 Mr. Johnson—Line up at the door.

—o—

FORM NEWS—C1A

Yes, this is C1A.

We are highly represented in sports. On field day in October our girls won the shield which gained honour for the class.

Two of the girls, Ethel Blundel and Jean Hughes, are players on the "Tech" team with Violet Barnes as mascot.

Those who are interested in basketball have formed a class team who play against other form teams outside of "Tech."

The girls have formed a "class club" among themselves and as a result enjoy many social gatherings which from a bond of friendship.

JEAN BUNCLARK, C1A.

* * *

TECH FOREVER

It stands with beauty rapt around
 The school we love the best.
 Its standard colours fly around.
 Hurray! for the Red and Blues.

Where'er we go, we meet no foe,
 We are the Techs. you know;
 The friends we meet, are all so sweet;
 They are the Red and Blues.

ROSE ADAMS, C1A.

—o—

THE A. B. C'S OF C1C

A stands for the excellent form—C1C;
 B stands for Barker, the sheik of C1C;
 C stands for Cleaves, who is very peevish;
 D stands for Dean, professor of C1C;
 G stands for Girard, the youngest of poets;
 H stands for Herbert, the nervous wreck from the asylum;
 J stands for Joe, the classy kid from college;
 L stands for Lamoureux, the hockey champion;

M stands for Moore, who always stands first in class;
 O stands for O'Callahan, the Flying Skirtsman;
 P stands for Pare, the French kid from Quebec;
 R stands for Riley, the Runt;
 M stands for Macmillan, the basketball star;
 S stands for Scamell, alias "The Grassy Kid;"
 S stands for Thompson, the funny cartoonist;
 W stands for Wayner, who has a wig.
 H. RUDDLING, C1C.

* * *

Red and Blue

"Tech" is better than the Collegiates,
 Better than Assumption, too,
 Wherever you go,
 You must always show
 The good old Red and Blue.

By C1C.

* * *

Can You Image

1. Can you image our famous Basil Little handing his bookkeeping set in first?
2. Can you image David O'Callaghan, the Irishman, being a soldier in the Essex Scottish?
3. Can you image Godfry Tromblay standing first in class?
4. Can you image Gerald Moore forgetting to do his homework?

* * *

Joe Lefare's mother bought a new clock, and Joe stood admiring it.

"Now look what a nice clean face the clock has. Wouldn't you like to always have a clean face like that?" asked his mother.

"Yes, mother," said Joe, "but its hands are black, aren't they?"

CLIFFORD RILEY, C1C.

—o—

FORM NEWS—C1D

G. Wilson, C1D.

C. is for conduct, you'll not hear a sound;
 I. is for intelligence with which we abound;
 D. is for darlings; all teachers agree
 The best class of girls is C1D.

* * *

A is for Annie, a fair-haired lass;
 B is for Barbara, the fun of the class;
 C is for calculating in the arithmetic room;
 D is for Dorothy, who passes in June;
 E is for Eleanor, who is just a wee bit shy;
 F is for our faults, but we do not lie;
 G is for Grace, the only brunette;
 H is for homework, which teachers never forget;
 I is for Isobel, who shines in composition;

J is for Jenny, of fair complexion;
 K is for Katherine, with rosy cheeks;
 L is for Lucille who Barbara seeks;
 M is for Margaret who loves basketball;
 N is for "No," the most common answer
 of all;
 O is for obedience, at the teacher's com-
 mand;
 P is for physiography, where we learn
 all we can;
 Q is for quietness, which reigns supreme;
 R is for reading, on which we all beam;
 S is for shorthand, the subject we love;
 T is for Tillie who is as innocent as a
 dove;
 U is for untiring, as all of us are;
 V is for Viva who is as bright as a star;
 W is for writing in the penmanship per-
 iods;
 X is for errors, which we have by the
 myriads;
 Y is for years that are passing us by;
 Z is for zeal, and now good-bye.

The Arrival of the New D's

Last year, about the end of June,
 We worried and we trembled,
 Until we stood the final test,
 And in the school assembled.

It seemed to us an awful time,
 But they were through at last;
 And read our marks all out to us
 And told us we had passed.

We spent the Summer holidays
 In frolic and in fun,
 And everyone was pretty sore,
 The day that school begun.

But on the first day over here,
 Everything was so new;
 We each exclaimed to the other one,
 "I like it here, don't you?"

The work it is so well explained;
 The hours are so short;
 To the drudgery of other years,
 It seemed to be mere sport.

There are so many of us now,
 We're like bees within a hive;
 Instead of D classes up to three,
 They had to make us five.

The A's and B's they think themselves
 Way up above us D's;
 But we don't care, our principal says
 We're just as good as B's.

But sometimes we pupils who now are
 D's

Will grade away up high,
 And I'm sure we shall be lovely B's,
 And I'll tell you the reason why:

We shall not snub the lower class,
 Nor call them Dawny D's;
 But we'll be all on equal terms,
 The A's, B's, D's and C's.

Of course this does not really include
 Every one of the A's and B's,
 But just a very few who think
 They're high above the D's.

For there are some really lovely A's,
 And also lovely B's
 Who'll smile and nod, and even talk
 To us, the lowly D's.

HELEN LOCKSON, C1D.

—o—

FORM NEWS—C1F

A is for Alfreida, the grinner, and so
 B is for Better, we hope she will grow;
 C is for Crazy, I'll admit she is that;
 D is for Days, her mind's in a trance;
 E is for Early, she never can be;
 F is for Frivolous, Flighty and Free;
 G is for Gleekman, her last name is that;
 H is for Helen who plays with her hat;
 I is for Ire, she has plenty of that;
 J is for Jean, with whom she will scrap;
 K is for Kandy, which she detests;
 L is for Lillian, the writer of this;
 M is for Money, she hold in her fist;
 N is for Nickels for potato chips;
 O is for Opal, she has in her ring;
 P is for Papa, where the money comes
 from;

Q is for Quarter, for hockey games.
 The rest of the alphabet I'll have to leave
 out,

Because Alfreida may begin to pout,
 And spoil it all for you and for me;
 That is the wisest thing to do I can see.

LILLIAN JENKINS, C1F.

—o—

FORM NEWS—C2A

Who's Who in C2A

A is for Anna, who's outstanding trait
 It going out early and coming in late;
 B is for Bessie, an ambitious dame,
 Believe me Ambition is her middle name;
 C is for Catharine who's "up in the air."
 She's often been asked, "how's the
 weather up there?"

D is for Dorothy, who'll sneeze once too
 often;
 The next time she'll sneeze herself into
 a coffin;

E is for Edith, so merry and bright,
 But that's cos she doesn't stay out late
 at night;

F is for Friendship twixt Irene and Win-
 nie,

One is dumb and the other's a ninny.
 G is for Gertrude, a maiden refined,
 In our scally-wag class she's one of a
 kind;

H is for Hatred, which findeth no rott,
 And that is a fact that no one can
 refute;

I is for Isobel, who's awful shy;
 Her left "eyelid" slips when a boy passes
 by;

J is for Jean, who will make a good
 wife;
 She thinks the boys are essential to life;

K is for Kathleen, a tall, slim lass;
 She worked very hard and I'm sure she
 will pass;
 L is for Laughter, we cannot suppress;
 The cup overflows, but we will not have
 less;
 M is for Mary who likes to skate;
 When there's a game she's first through
 the gate;
 N is for Nellie, a maiden petite;
 They say her brains run from her head
 to her feet;
 O is for Order, we practice all day;
 "Practice makes perfect." I heard some
 one say.
 Q is for Quietness, the teacher demands;
 She tells us we sound like a dozen brass
 bands;
 R is for Reta, our second form rep.;
 She's a jolly good sport and has got lots
 of pep;
 S is for Sarah, who likes to read;
 "Read and get wise," is Sarah's creed;
 T is for Truth, which reigns supreme;
 Of telling a fib we would never dream;
 U is for Unity, which means we agree;
 To prove it we'll show you how good we
 can be;
 V is for Verda, dressed up like a doll;
 She comes to school early to walk down
 the hall;
 W is for Winnie, a giggler 'tis true;
 She takes first place in our "giggling
 crew."
 For X, Y, Z I have no creation;
 I'll just leave them to your imagination.
 Now I think that is all—but wait! there
 is me,
 My first name is I, and my second is B.
 And now you must guess what I've left
 out of here.
 And treasure it up as a souvenir.

By IRENE BELL

—O—
 Jimmy Latimer (speech of 4 minutes,
 who must speak for 8 minutes): Mr.
 Adsett, have you a good imagination?
 Mr. Adsett: Yes, fairly good.
 Jimmy: Just imagine I've spoken for
 eight minutes.

That's Natural

Mr. Adsett: Edna (who talks much)
 you are going in for the oratorical con-
 test, aren't you?
 Edna: No sir, I can only talk when
 I'm not supposed to.

ROY G. DYMME

FORM NEWS—C2B

Us

A is for Annie, the clown of the class;
 B is for Bernadean, who is sure to pass;
 C is for Clara, very smart indeed;
 D is for Donaldson, who surely shows
 speed;
 E is for Edna, whose head is a flame;
 F is for Florence, who surely is tame;
 G is for Gertrude, who's new in this

class;
 H is for Helen, a beautiful lass;
 I is for Irene, the little brunette;
 J is for some we haven't found yet;
 K is for Kitty, who left us last fall;
 L is for Louie, who is quietest of all;
 M is for Marjorie, who acts insane;
 N is for Nonsense, which in this form
 reigns;
 O is for Olive, also new in this form;
 P is for Pleasure, which takes us like
 storm;
 Q is for Questions, which we ask daily;
 R is for Roas, who trips about gaily;
 S is for Sense, which we certainly lack;
 T is for Turner, who just came back;
 U is for Underwoods, the brand that's
 worth while;
 V is for Villa, who has always a smile;
 W is for Woolgar, a very bright maiden;
 X is for Crosses, with which our books
 are laden;
 Y is for Years, which are passing us all;
 Z is some one who's not here at all.

* * *

News of C2B

The form of C2B has been vic-
 torious so far in their inter-form
 basketball games and hopes it will
 win the second form championship
 by the end of the year.

Miss Rosa Huggett and Miss
 Clara Sime represented C2B in the
 annual oratorical held in our audi-
 torium. Though they did not suc-
 ceed in winning the contest, they
 received much commendation from
 teachers of our staff.

Annie Rollo has been without her
 gum two mornings this year. On
 these occasions she lost it on the
 way to school.

Miriam Lietch has at last run
 out of jokes. She lost the book
 they were in.

C2B has a prominent swimming
 champion in the person of Marjorie
 Cosham.

Annie Rollo of C2B, is taking
 part in the school concert this year
 —Good luck Annie!

—O—

CLASS NOTES OF C2C

The class of C2C had an excellent
 basketball team. Although we did
 not win the championship we tried
 to show the other forms we weren't
 quitters and put up a good fight.

Into our Tech United program
 we put our heart and soul, and we

received much favourable comment. Our play, Henry 8th, starring Vivian Weatherstone, Phyllis Schuchard and Jean Legget, received hearty applause. Our Cinderella sketch, being a novelty for Tech United programmes, made our auditorium shake with laughter. Our dance, by six of our girls went over big too. We have done our best and hope to be able to show our stuff again next year.

FLORENCE SIMMONS

* * *

Can You Imagine in C2C

EMMA MONK and FLORENCE SIMMONS not speaking to each other?

MARGARET HORNELL not eating a chocolate bar?

ADA WALKER standing first?

EDNA SEYMOUR being quiet?

MARJORIE VINCET being to school on time?

BESSIE WATERMAN without lipstick?

VIOLA EDDIE being noisy?

EVELYN WITSELL with her hair not combed?

ETHEL SEDGLEY so clever she had to leave school?

PAULINE GERSHON answering a question correctly?

EDITH REZIN not powdering her nose?

MARGARET REID not quarreling with Betty Macdonald?

MARY RUSE with dirty hands?

FREDA LLOYD with curly hair?

MARY LAURIE starring in basketball?

WANDA NACJANAS not studying?

EVELYN WITSELL

EMMA MONK

—o—

C2D NEWS ITEMS

On February 28, 1929, C2D presented their "Tech United" program which was a great success.

C2D takes a great interest in sports and certainly shows it. Although we didn't have many entries in the Technical Field Day, those who did enter won championships. We are proud to state that in our form are the two Tech senior girl champions, Ellen Dubois and Ellen Cutts. Rose Tarnow and Louise Heaton were two of the four runners in the junior relay team which won first at the Interscholastic Field Day Meet. In the Tech W.O.S.S.A. basketball team, four out of the six are in our form, they are: Jean Gemmell, El-

sie Smith, Jenny Robertson and Ellen Cutts.

The form basketball team is made up of the following players: Jean Gemmell (captain), Greta Bake, Elsie Smith, Jenny Robertson, Ellen Cutts and Edna Robertson. They have played one game this season and were victorious over C2C with a large score, 42-6.

* * *

High Spots in C2D

Please come and visit us up here,
For if you don't you'll be sorry I fear;
C2D is the cleverest class in the room,
Always doing what's right, never breaking the rule.

Our lines in the hall are as straight as can be;

When you see us coming you'll know its 2D.

In shorthand and typing we sure do excel,

For its 2D they say that does everything well.

I know I must tell you more about us,
For if I don't they'll sure make a fuss.

Jean Gemmell's the one who knows how to scheme,

For she's interested in one on the hoc-key team.

Grace Brown is the one, I have heard them say,

Will turn a boy's hair right from brown into gray;

Then there's Minnie, Oh I mustn't forget Minnie Ross,

For she is the one that makes all teachers cross.

Jean, Grace and Gloria are the next I must mention;

If it wasn't for them we'd have detention.

And now let me see, there is Ardell and Ella,

Take notice of them outside Tech with a fella.

Greta, Ellen and Edna, Elsie, Jenny and Jean

Are the basketball stars of our class it is seen;

"Spike" McLaren's the girl who's the queen in our play;

To see a real queen, come up here today.
Doris Reyecraft's the girl who won us a name,

For she is the one with oratorical fame.
And I must tell you the latest right now,

It's about Jenny's permanent—she's a flapper—and how!

The two Ellens in our room, Louise Heaton and Rose,

Are to go to the gym, to have taken a pose,

Now there's no other form with higher ideals;

They couldn't reach us if they put on high heels.

So don't you forget to visit 2D.
We charge no admission, not even a fee.
MARGARET HIGGIN, C2D.

Mrs. Firby: Girls, Percy Williams is in the school, please be quiet.

Ruth Martindale: Gosh, where's my compact?

Jean: What is college bred like? Is it a new kind of bread?

Elizabeth: Yes, it's a four year loaf.

To Whom it May Concern

If you can't find Jean Gemmell, look for Tom Tobin.

Exasperated Teacher: Now Bertha, for the last time what is paper made of?

Bertha: I don't know.

Exasperated Teacher: Bark! child, bark!

—O—

C2E

A is for Art Hogan, with his big feet;
B is for Burke, the good looking sheik;
C is for Cakebread, the farmer rogue;

D is for Domnie, with his French brogue;
E is for Elliot, always on the go;
F is for Fred who always makes a show;
G is for Gertrude, who always gives a scare;

H is for Hames, with his slick red hair;
I is for Idiots—there's plenty in our form;

J is for Jean, for whom we do mourn;
K is for Karavatz, with dark, thick hair;
L is for Lauzon, who doesn't give a care;
M is for Martha, better known as Swan;
N is for nothing, for this we have pawned;

O is for Olive who is never the goat;
P is for Padgett, for he is the poet;
Q is for questions Peters asks daily;
R is for Reggie, who would always tally;
S is for St. Pierrie, he stands and does not fall;

T is for Tech, the best of all;
U is for Underwood, on which we type;
V is for Veroni, who studies every night;
W is for Wilfred, who loves a maiden;
X is for mistakes, our books are laden;
Y is for You, if your name I let fall;
Z is for Zade, I guess that's all.

PHIL PADGETT

THE CAST, C3A—WINNERS OF SENIOR CUP IN TECH UNITED PROGRAMS



Medieval Magic—The Cast

Standing—Arveragus	Daisy Curtis	Dorrigen	Mary Berbynuik
	Aurelius	Mary Doloughan	
Seated—The Fool	Anna Warsh	The Magician	Amma Krivoshein

FORM C3A

I can remember as a first former how we all looked forward to our third, and for most of us, our last year at school. It seemed as if it would never come. We did not seem to know how much we were attached to the school.

Since then the years have gone by so quickly that we cannot account for them and we find ourselves in our last school year.

But now things are so different; we are not waiting anxiously for the year to pass, instead we hate to see it pass. We begin to realize in our last year at school, that we shall never return, and it is then that we feel that true love for Tech. Then we go back and try to retrace our steps. What has happened in the past few years? What a keen interest our teachers took in us!

As this our last parting year comes to a close, and the curtain is drawn to shut us out of school life, we will all feel that pain in our hearts as we part from "Dear Old Tech." and step into a new life—a life yet to be tasted.

MAE ROGERS, C3A.

* * *

Impossibilities in C3A

BETTY CAMPBELL missing a hockey game.

ANNA WARSH keeping quiet.

MARY DOLOUGHAN being late for school.

GWEN KEMPTON acting sensible.

ANNA KRIVOSHEIN not getting 100%.

MARY BERBYNUK not entering the oratorical contest.

HELEN and EILEEN McCONNELL getting to school on time.

MAE ROGERS not smiling.

MARIE COX not going swimming.

OLIVE SHURAK not having her lessons finished.

TOBA SHERMAN standing last in the class.

EDNA MITCHELL forgetting to laugh at a joke.

ETHEL NEWITT missing Sunday School.

EDNA LEADER not thinking about basketball.

FRANCES CLARKE not giggling in school.

MARY DOLOUGHAN, C3A.

* * *

Famous Sayings of Famous Teachers
Take the next two letters for homework.

Prepare for a test next day.
Stop your talking!
Well, if you don't know, who does?
Now, isn't that so, girls?
I see nothing but blank expressions.
Girls! get in line!
Didn't you hear me tell you to stop talking?
It's simply gorgeous.

MARY DOLOUGHAN, C3A.

— 0 —

C3B

C3B is one of the liveliest groups of students that have ever gathered under the towers of Tech. Ask any teacher. They will all tell you the same. C3B is always in dutch. We may be lively and all of that but we have some real ability among our ranks in both literary and athletics.

Rose Cantor and Stan Larke have both won their merit pins for high standing, and are still struggling to hold their position on the top of the group. We also have an orator in our midst. Abe Feldman was 3B's representative in the senior boys contest and won the championship for the school; and when holding up its name in W.C.I. in the Interscholastic contest came third. Typeists are frequent in our form but the outstanding is Edwards. Edwards won a medal for 45 words a minute while about 15 of his class mates followed with certificates for 30 or 35.

Did you see the first Tech United program? If you didn't you missed the treat of the year. C3B was the first to brave the stage and present a program for your approval. They presented "The Literary Piano" and proved to the school that every member of the class was an actor. Some even earned a position in the school's play.

We also shine in sports. Among the girls the Ouellette sisters, Edith Timme and Salay Allan held positions on the basketball team. Allan Muir was the outstanding half-miler on the track team while Em. Awad was winning honors for Tech on the golf course.

— 0 —

Old Lady (to group of boys who, after attending mass, were playing ball in front of her home):—Here, you boys, you must get away from in front of my home; I want you to know that we keep the Sabbath all day in this house.

"Gee, lady, you must be Scotch," replied one of the boys.

(Our Own.)

— 0 —

COMMERCIAL SPECIAL

A delightful Valentine party was held on February 14, in room 306, under the auspices of Commercial Special. The

decorations, consisting of hearts, darts, tarts and streamers were very beautiful. A wonderful program was held, and, although it consisted entirely of amateurs, the performers could easily have been mistaken for professionals. A beautiful poem was rendered by one of the pupils, entitled, "Mary Has a Little Lamb." This was the title of the poem, not the pupil. A duet, "How Dry I Am," was sung by two of the teachers present at the affair. We will not mention names, as these "particulars" are unusually modest and would not wish to have their talents advertised to the world at large.

Refreshments were served which were enjoyed by all. Old-time customs were revived by the receiving and sending of valentines, to show the beautiful friendship which exists between the various members of C. Special. The prize, over which Miss Ethel Levy had laboured for many a week, was won by Mrs. Mabel McGiffin, our honoured guest, for the greatest number of valentines received. So popular is she, and so well-known to everyone in the country, that valentines were sent to her from all parts of the world.

Among the favoured guests were Miss Farlinger, Miss Edna Smith and others whose names we do not know. So well did all enjoy the little party that as they left the room they could be heard singing sweetly, "I'm Afraid to go Home in the Dark."

RENEE SKLASH

C. Special

A class of specialists are we!
Of special what—do you not see?
We're doomed to stardom, every one;
Compete with us?—It can't be done!
And now just come with us some day
When twenty years have slipped away;
We'll guide you safely near and far,
And show you where our Specials are.
An office first doth meet our gaze,
But list—"Miss Brown, you spend your
days
In sloth, and now you're late once more."
Thus came Meretsky's deaf'ning roar,
For he was never, never late,
So what cares he for others' fate?
"Such laziness! You make me tired,
Just once more tardy and you're fired!"
And what does this new playhouse show?
Ah, of Chris Carron you must know,
For she who starred in "Seventeen,"
Is famous now on stage and screen.
Now who is this sweet, prim old maid?
'Tis Mabel Gignac old and staid,
Her mission's in a far-off land
To help the heathen learn shorthand.
We see in tears a little nurse;
"Why, Miss McDermott, what's the
curse?"

"You see, my orders were to give
Two spoonfuls, that this lad might live."

"Two spoons of what?—it slipped my
mind,

So I just mixed up every kind;
The boy grew white, so white—then, lo,
I heard Doc. Leishman just say 'Go!'"

We learn Miss Grondin, known of yore,
Was in a trance a month or more;
In school we knew she slept all day,
Alas—she'll sleep her life away.

And here we see an old-time fair,
And who's the clown that's acting there?
Why Hamel, whom we knew at school,
E'en there he oft did play the fool.

Across the way stands grim and still
A school—and on the window-sill
Leans Dewhurst, gazing at a fly—
He's science master, by and by.

And now as evening draweth nigh
We end our journey with a sigh;
But first let's join both each and a'
To give C. Special one Hurrah!

Contributed by C. SPECIAL

C4

Can You Imagine—

EDNA SMITH missing a good show?
WINNIE POTTS not eating half her
lunch at recess?
JEWEL DELONG with her homework
finished?
IRENE HAUTALA doing something?
MARGUERITE BUCHANAN not study-
ing for exams?
DOROTHY CHILD getting one hundred
per cent. in shorthand?
ALFREDA BEGBIE getting a medal
for typing?

* * *

Famous Sayings of Famous People in C4
Winnie (Pin) Potts—I think I'll get an-
other sandwich.

Edna (Pee-Wee) Smith—Gee Whiz El-
mer!

Jewel (Juice) Delong—Hey! Do you want
to hear the latest Scotch joke?

Dorothy (Dot) Child—I can't understand
this.

Irene (Renee) Hautala—Can you bear it.
Marguerite (Marg) Buchanan—Wrap it
up.

Alfreda (Freddie) Begbie—Oh gee!

* * *

Famous Sayings of Our Teachers

Mr. Srigley—A little louder please.

Mrs. McGiffin—I never saw such a lazy
class.

Miss O'Donoghue—Next chapter for
homework.

Mr. Adsett—Come on now, get down to
work.

Mrs. McIntyre—I haven't had any books
reported to me yet.

Mr. Fraser—Now there is a little too
much noise.

A. BEGBIE



JOKES



Teacher—Eleanor, what does the following mean? (quoting from Shakespeare) "Old man, thou prunest a rotten tree!"

Eleanor—It means that the old man is picking prunes off a rotten tree.

Old Gent—Two eggs and a bit of ham, please.

Waiter (shouting down speaking tube)—Send up two cackles and a grunt.

Winnie Potts—Oh, see the new moon in the sky!

Chink Halliday—What did they do with the old one?

Swackhammer (to Fat McGee) — Where do you eat?

Fat McGee—Oh, I eat up the street. Gee it must be tough chewing.

For an hour Mr. Fraser had dwelt on the parts played by Carbohydrates, proteins and fats. At the end of the lesson he asked: "Can anyone tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?"

Alan Muir—Yes, teacher, yer breakfast, yer dinner and yer supper.

"Beg pardon," said the teacher as a young lad was registering, "but what is your name."

"Name," answered Allan Muir, "Can't you see my signature?"

"I can," replied the teacher, "and that's what aroused my curiosity."

Teacher—"I have went," that's wrong, isn't it?

Awad—Yes M'am.

Teacher—Why it it wrong?

Awad—Because you ain't went yet.

Mr. Fraser—Why must we always be careful to keep our homes clean and neat?

Gatacre—Because company may walk in at any moment.

History

Teacher—What was the first thing Charles II did when he came to the throne?

Tommy Tobin—Sat on it, sir.

Mike wanted to break the news of Pat's death gently so he said:

"Shure, Mrs. Murphy, and Pat's met with an accident?"

"An what's that," said Mrs. Murphy. "He was overcome by the heat," said Mike.

"What?" said Mrs. Murphy, "in the middle of January?"

"Shure," said Mike, "you see, he fell in the furnace over at the factory."

In science class our teacher would like to know what would have happened if Newton had parked under a cocoanut tree instead of an apple tree.

Don Waters—Have you ever met a man whose touch seemed to thrill every fiber of your being?

Doris Day—Oh, yes, once—the dentist.

Science teacher—What do you know about nitrates?

Laddelle—Well-er-ah-er they're much cheaper than day rates!

For men only (read backwards)—"I wenk uoy dluow daer siht. Uoy t'ndluow eb a lrig fi uoy t'ndid."

Miss D. (shorthand teacher)—What position is "sat?"

E. Burke—Sitting position, teacher.

Mr. Fraser (Science)—Name the different kinds of forces.

Benny Joffe—Police Force, Force of Habit, Air Force.

Mr. Sirrs—What would 1/16 of a half be?

Pupil—I don't know, but it wouldn't be very much.

Advertisement—Radio for sale by a lady with a loud speaker.

Wilfred Cada (throwing gum in basket)—Dear chewing gum I weep to see you thrown away so soon. You haven't lost your flavour yet for I bought you just at noon.

Teacher (pointing to scraps under desk)—What is that under your desk?

Bill Bailey (blushing)—My feet, ma'm.

Miss McMahon (in English)—Miss, will you please leave the room?

Marian—I wasn't going to take it with me.

* * *

Tested

The electrician was puzzled.

"Hi!" he shouted to his assistant, "put your fingers on one of them wires."

The assistant did so.

"Feel anything?"

"No."

"Good," said the electrician, "I wasn't sure which was which. Don't touch the other wire or you'll drop dead."

* * *

Dave Harris—What does it cost, per mile, to run your motor car?

Jack—I can't say; it never ran a mile.

* * *

In Court

Judge—Rastus, why did you steal the typewriter?

Coon—Judge, honest, is it a typewriter?

Judge—Yes, Rastus.

Coon—But, your honor, I thought it was a cash register.

* * *

He—Did you hear the joke about the Scotchman?

She—No, what is it?

He—A Scotchman was standing on the corner of Woodward and Gratiot holding two slices of bread in his hand.

She—What was he doing that for?

He—He was waiting for the traffic jam.



JUST IMAGINE

Far be it from us to be pessimistic, yet if there had been a number of casualties at Tech. this spring, this might have been the "why" and the "how."

The February exams, were most disastrous; many of the students committed suicide just after they were over.

Mr. Sirrs was killed by concussion of the ear-drums when Miss

Nellie Grondin fell asleep during his class one day. (C. Special are still deaf).

Mr. Lowe fainted when he saw that Donald Meretsky was on time one morning. He never regained consciousness.

Even Mrs. McGiffin disappeared one night. The only clues she left were a hole in the window and foot-steps leading away. Roger Hamel's stenography paper was found open on her desk.

Mr. Dean died in the hospital following the Law Exam.

Mr. Srigley, walking to school one morning, suddenly stopped, threw up his hands, and gasping "three" passed away on the spot. This was doubtless due to his having observed three 80%'s in the last Penmanship exam.

The night of the Chatham vs. Tech hockey game, Mr. Morrison glanced around the arena and noticed some C. Specials attending the game. Death was instantaneous.

One Tech-United night Mr. Adsett undertook to lead "God Save the King." He went up too high, failed to come adown, and has not been heard from since.

During a P. T. period, Miss Beasley attempted to imitate one of Miss Sumner's grotesque positions. When she was finally disentangled, she had passed away.

Miss Farlinger, hearing about this, died in sympathy.

Mrs. Campeau died of exhaustion writing out obituaries. Requiescant in Pace!



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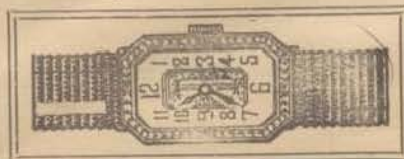
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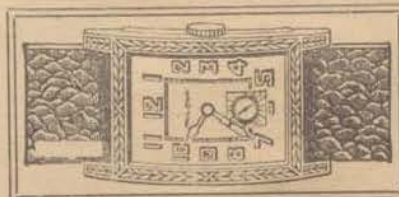
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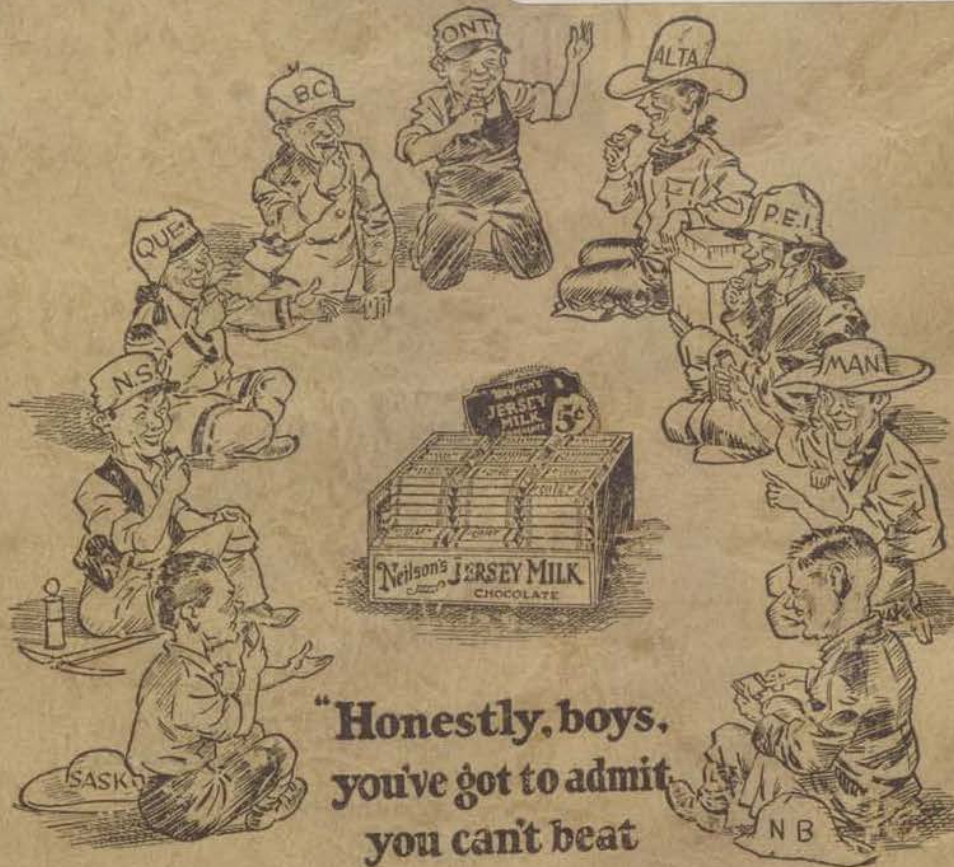


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